

NAZIS, AND JAPS, YOU RATS! BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

# HANGMAN

NO. 8

FALL

10¢

comics





## A vibrant collage of classic comic book covers serves as the background. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". The covers feature diverse art styles and characters, from superheroes to cartoon animals. Overlaid on this collage is a large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font with a black drop shadow, making it stand out prominently.



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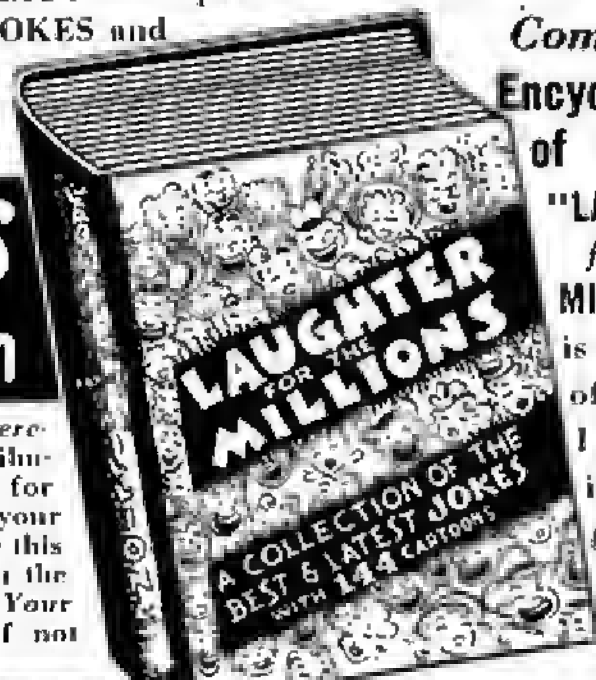
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# *The* HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
No 25

in the  
GALLOWS  
and the  
GHOUL



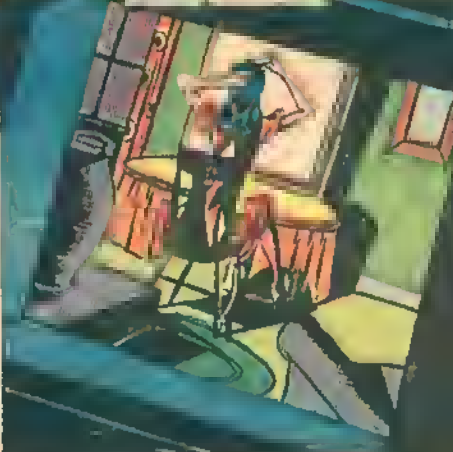
AS OUR STORY OPENS, BOB  
DICKER, REALLY THE HANG-  
MAN, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH  
THE GLOOM...AND HIS FACE  
QUICKENS!



AS HE APPROACHES A  
DROWNING AND GLOOMY  
APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH  
A SINGLE WINDOW GLEAMS  
LIKE A GLowing EYE!



INSIDE THE LIGHTED APARTMENT A  
WOMAN NERVOUSLY, DISTRAUGHTLY  
BRUSHES HER HAIR; HER FRAME  
TENSED AS THOUGH IN FLIGHTENED  
EXPECTANCY!





MOMMY! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MOMMY? WHY IS SHE LYING ON THE FLOOR SO QUIET?



IT... IT'S NOTHING JIMMY. YOUR MOTHER JUST FAINTED, THAT'S ALL! DON'T COME NEAR HER!



YOU GET HER A GLASS OF WATER, AND SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



YES UNCLE NED

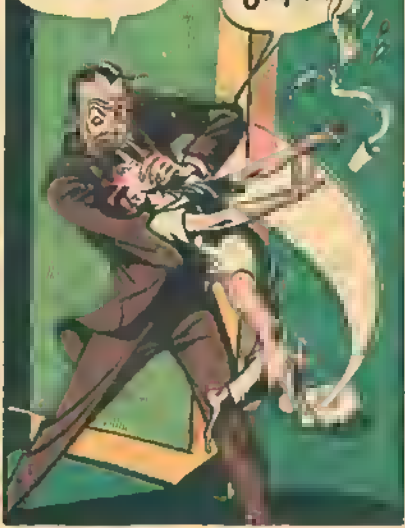
HE SAW ME! HE'LL TELL I DID IT! I MUSTN'T LET HIM DO THAT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO!



...KILL HIM TOO!



I CAN BREAK HIS THIN NECK SO EASILY... WAIT... THE WINDOW! THAT'S A MUCH BETTER WAY!



I'VE DONE IT! KILLED THEM BOTH! OH, MY HEAD, IT THROBS SO!



**BUT TWO FORCES  
OPERATE TO SAVE  
JIMMY FROM  
SEEMINGLY CERTAIN  
DOOM! FATE AND  
THE HANGMAN!**

**ULP!  
HE  
CAUGHT  
JIMMY!**

**HERE! TAKE THIS  
LAD TO THE POLICE  
STATION!**

**GULP!  
S-SLIZE  
HANG-  
MAN!**

**...AND I'M GOING  
UPSTAIRS AND  
CATCH THAT  
WOULD-BE  
KILLER!**

**WHAT IN---GONE! AND  
HE SEEMS TO HAVE  
CLAIMED AT LEAST  
ONE VICTIM!**

**HIS ONLY  
MEANS OF  
ESCAPE IS  
THE ROOF!**

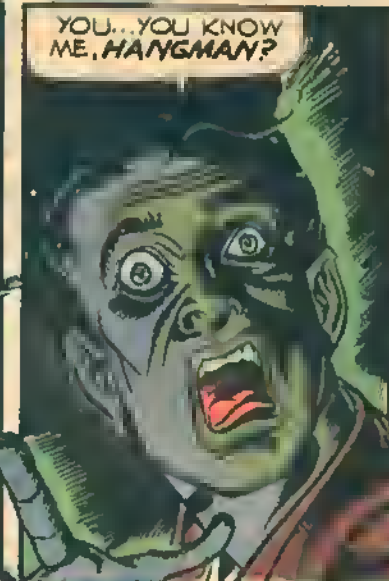
**I WAS RIGHT!...  
THERE HE GOES!**

**AND HERE  
I COME!!**





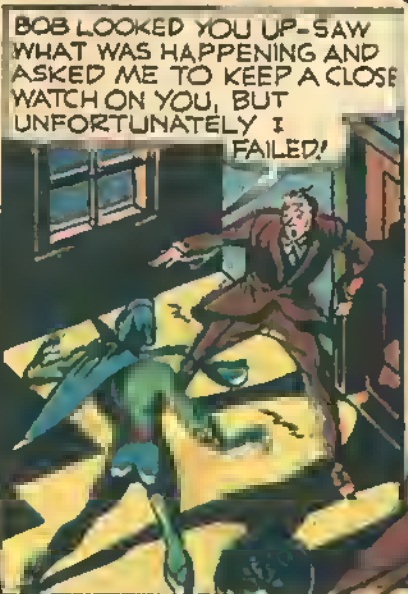
I'VE GOT YOU NOW  
JED JENNINGS!



YOU... YOU KNOW  
ME, HANGMAN?



YES, I KNOW YOU ALL RIGHT—JED  
THROUGH AN OLD CLASSMATE  
AND FRIEND OF YOURS—  
**BOB DICKERING!**



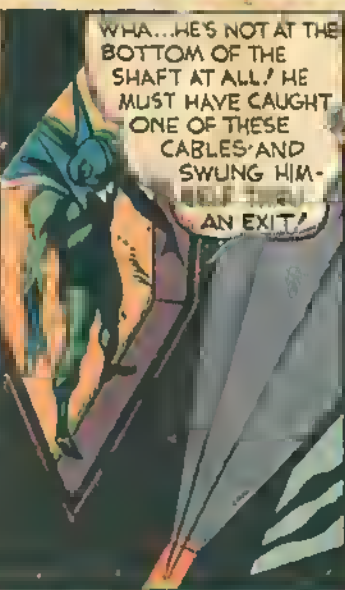
BOB LOOKED YOU UP—SAW  
WHAT WAS HAPPENING AND  
ASKED ME TO KEEP A CLOSE  
WATCH ON YOU, BUT  
UNFORTUNATELY I  
FAILED!



YES... AND YOU'LL  
FAIL TO SEND ME  
TO THE GALLOWES  
TOO, HANGMAN!



GREAT HEAVENS! THAT  
WAS THE DOOR  
TO THE  
ELEVATOR  
SHAFT!

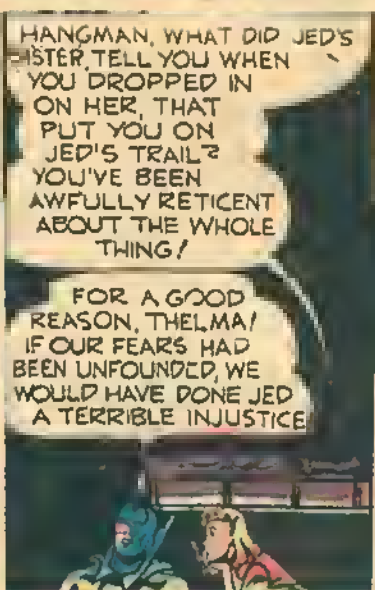


WHA... HE'S NOT AT THE  
BOTTOM OF THE  
SHAFT AT ALL! HE  
MUST HAVE CAUGHT  
ONE OF THESE  
CABLES AND  
SWUNG HIM-  
SELF TO  
AN EXIT!



LATER, AT THE HANGMAN'S APARTMENT  
AND JENNINGS  
ESCAPED YOU,  
HANGMAN?

TEMPORARILY, BUT  
COME WHAT MAY,  
HE'LL NEVER ESCAPE  
HIMSELF!



HANGMAN, WHAT DID JED'S  
MASTER, TELL YOU WHEN  
YOU DROPPED IN  
ON HER, THAT  
PUT YOU ON  
JED'S TRAIL? YOU'VE BEEN  
AWFULLY RETICENT  
ABOUT THE WHOLE  
THING!

FOR A GOOD  
REASON, THELMA!  
IF OUR FEARS HAD  
BEEN UNFOUNDED, WE  
WOULD HAVE DONE JED  
A TERRIBLE INJUSTICE



I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, AS SHE TOLD IT TO ME!



SHE BEGAN IT IN THE MATERNITY WARD! JED'S SISTER WAS ABOUT TO HAVE A CHILD!



JED WAS PACING THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY! AS THOUGH HE WERE HER HUSBAND- INSTEAD OF HER HALF BROTHER!



BUT JED KNEW HIS WIDOWED HALF SISTER DEPENDED ON HIM FOR SUPPORT, AND WHEN THE DOCTOR EMERGED



THE BABY, DOCTOR, IT'S DEAD ISN'T IT, AS YOU THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TELL ME IT'S DEAD!



WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU TO WISH YOU SISTER'S BABY DEAD? NO, THE BABY IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!



JED'S STRANGE HOPE WAS BORN OF FEAR--FOR JED WAS AN ABJECT POVERTY STRICKEN FAILURE! AND THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED TERRIFIED HIM!



HIS SPIRIT WAS BROKEN, AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE'D SIT AND BROOD. BROOD ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOWS OF OUR CLASS WHO HAD MADE SUCCESSES OF THEIR LIVES; AND IN HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS, THEY ALL SEEMED TO MOCK AT HIM!



JED WENT FROM JOB TO JOB  
..... BUT ALWAYS IT WAS THE  
SAME STORY--HE COULDN'T  
STICK!

SORRY, JENNINGS.  
WE LIKE OUR EMPLOYEES  
WITH A LITTLE SPIRIT!

THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED  
TO MOCK JED!

WHY DO I KEEP ON LIVING?  
WHY DON'T I KILL MYSELF  
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?

YOU SEE THELMA, ONLY ONE  
OTHER PERSON IN THE WORLD  
KNEW JED'S TERRIBLE  
SECRET--HIS SISTER! AND  
THAT SECRET IS...

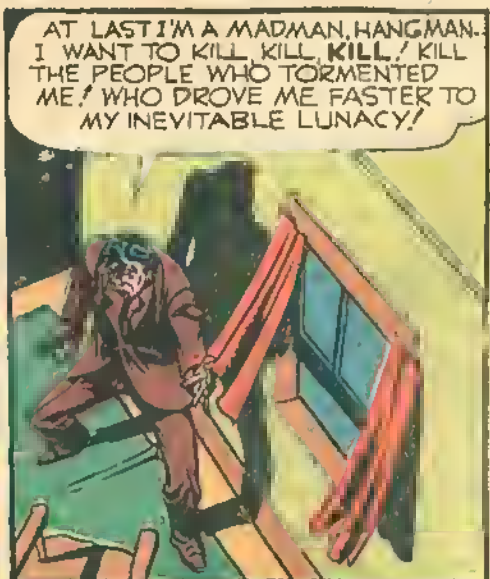
DON'T STOP! GO ON AND  
TELL HER HANGMAN--  
HEE, HEE, HEE!

WHA...

HANGMAN! THAT  
FACE! THAT HORRIBLE  
FACE! WHO IS HE!

TELL HER WHO  
I AM HANGMAN!  
HEE, HEE, GO ON  
TELL HER!





NO, MY DEAR I WON'T **SHOOT** YOU!  
THIS IS A MUCH NICER WAY OF  
KILLING YOU— WITH MY BARE  
HANDS! HEE, HEE, HEE!

HANGMAN! HELP!

SUDDENLY, THE WEIRD AND BLOOD-FREEZING  
SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN TRANSFIXES THE  
MANIAC!

'THE HANGMAN WON'T HELP  
YOU, MY DEAR

HE WON'T EVEN  
HELP HIMSELF! HEE  
HEE, HEE!

JENNINGS, STAY  
AWAY FROM ME!  
I WARN YOU!

POOR  
CREATURE!  
WHAT A  
TERRIBLE  
WAY TO  
DIE!

HE'S BETTER OFF  
THELMA! BETTER  
THAN THE LIVING  
DEATH THAT  
TORTURED  
HIM FOR  
SO MANY YEARS!



# THE "PERFECT" CRIME

by Hawley Howard

THEY called him Fashion Plate. George Bryan didn't mind it. They were just ignorant village louts, loafers around the pool hall, stationery store and the little railroad station of Shady Valley; they thought, because Bryan took pride in being always carefully dressed, that he was something to jibe at. Beau Brummel. Young George Bryan secretly was pleased at being likened to the famous English dandy. Beau Brummel's name, also, had been George Bryan.

The thoughts were roaming in Bryan's mind tonight, as alone in his car he drove from New York City, out the main highway toward Shady Valley. His nickname of Fashion Plate—surely that would be an advantage this momentous night. Who would ever suspect the immaculate sub-spoken George Bryan of a deed of violence? He chuckled to himself. The villagers might think of him as a sissy, but never as a murderer. . . .

At the crossroads where the highway went on into the village, Bryan turned off onto the Lake Ontario side road. He watched his chance, so that no one saw him. The time was a quarter of ten—a hot July evening. Queer what a breathless night it was! He was conscious that his heart was pounding; his chest seemed to have a weight on it. Was he frightened, now that his chance had come? Nonsense! Just excited. Fate was with him. Every circumstance was just right. Peter Rawlings would be coming along this lonely road by the edge of the lake, in five or ten minutes now. The thing would be done, in a few minutes after that.

At a place where bushes clustered to shroud his car, Bryan turned off the road and hopped out. He was a young fellow, handsome, and as always, immaculately dressed. In the heat, he had taken off his hat and blue serge jacket and laid them on the car seat. His figure was a white blob of white shirt and carefully pressed white linen trousers, as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for Rawlings to come along. It surely wouldn't be long now. Rawlings was a methodical fellow, a creature of habit. You could always depend on him doing the same thing at the same time. He had married Bryan's younger sister, Grace about two years ago. He was rich, or at least comfortably well off—one of those fellows who watched every penny and wouldn't lend a cent to a relative without banker's security. He owned a small but prosperous department store in Thomasville, some twelve miles away. He closed it at nine-thirty; and every night like clockwork he drove home alone, leaving Thomasville at a quarter of ten and coming along this lonely little side road past Lake Ontario.

For another ten minutes Bryan silently crouched. He was tense, alert; his mind was clicking with details of just what he would do so that there would be no possibility of error. There would be no footprints here; no tracks which could be identified as the tread of his tires. The road was hard and dry; the ground all around here was rocky, right down to the rocky shore where the water lapped with a aullen murmur in the stillness.

And suddenly now, faintly in the distance he heard the

clung of Rawlings' old outmoded car. Right on schedule Bryan's heart leaped, but he steadied himself. He stood in the shadow of a tree-trunk until he could see positively that it was Rawlings, and then he jumped forward. Rawlings, in white shirt and trousers, was a dim white blob behind the wheel. For just a second Bryan thought that there was someone in the back seat of the car behind him, but when he got closer he saw that no one else was there.

"Well, I say, that you, Peter?" he called.

Rawlings saw him and pulled up. "Hello, George," he said. He was never very cordial. "What are you doing out here?"

Bryan mastered his breathlessness. "Just coming back from New York. Wretchedly hot, isn't it? I thought I'd take a swim. Cool off." He gestured easily with a graceful hand. "My car's down the road a way—thought I'd take a ten-minute dip. Too bad you can't join me, old fellow—you've no idea how invigorating—"

Queer how difficult it was to keep his soft, snare voice normal! This damnable breathlessness! But Rawlings didn't notice. And it wasn't hard to persuade him.

"The human body really floats in water, you know," Bryan was presently saying. "It's lighter than water, when you immerse nearly all of it. But that's the trouble—the beginner wants to climb out of the water and that's what makes him sink."

Gruesome words. Somehow they made Bryan shudder inside. He had had no idea it would be so difficult to do this thing.

"Why not master your fear once and for all?" he added persuasively. "Once you do that, I can teach you to swim in two minutes."

Abruptly Rawlings set his jaw. "All right," he agreed. "I'll do it. I'll do it if it kills me. Damn it, I will."

Gruesome prophecy. . . . Why did he have to say that so much? As though something were making him say it so that Bryan would shudder, with a racing heart and excited, taut nerves to make him tumble this thing? But he wouldn't tumble it. . . . Get him to lie on his back now; and then shove him down, sit on him. . . . Hold him, just for a moment.

Bryan's chest seemed bursting with the excitement of it. But he kept his wits. Water a bit less than waist deep. That would be ideal.

"Now, relax," he heard himself saying silyly. "You're tense as the devil, Peter. Don't be like that. I won't even let your face get wet. I promise. Come on now, lie back—stretch out. I'll put my hand under your neck. Can't you trust me, old fellow? Think how pleased Grace will be if she can go swimming with you next week."

So easy. A faint smile of triumph twitched at Bryan's lips as he stood beside the shivering, naked Rawlings and the

body of the older man eased backward with his feet coming up.

"Don't let our head go under, George!"

"No. Of course I won't."

Now, down with him! Bryan shored suddenly. It was a chaos of horror to the panting Bryan. But he kept Rawlings' head under. . . . A minute. Two minutes. There were no air bubbles now. The air had all come out; water was going in.

And then even the twitching was stilled. The dead fingers clinging to Bryan's arms relaxed, slipped away. The legs floated up, wearing a little from the movement of the water, as though the ghastly limp white thing were still alive.

The wild panic swept Bryan as he stood shivering there in the dark; a panic of haste and terror. But he fought with it; conquered it. The thing was done, and triumph swept him. He dried himself carefully with the towel and dressed. His hair wasn't wet; that was lucky. It wasn't even mussed. There wasn't a mark on him from the struggle with the drowning Rawlings whose gripping hands had only clung so listlessly at his wrists.

With the panic still on him, mingling with his clunking triumph, Bryan climbed back into his dark little car and swiftly drove away. He did not head for Shady Valley; he was too clever for that. Instead, driving as swiftly as he dared, he circled back around Thomasville, then cut across and hit the New York highway at a point far below Shady Valley and the Lake Ontario side road. He passed two gas stands where he was known; drove slowly enough so that the attendants would see him and respond to his wave of greeting. Exactly as though he were on his way home from the city; no possible connection with Lake Ontario. . . .

He had stopped at the bridge over Snapee Creek, tied a big stone in the towel and sunk it. The panic was gone now; there was nothing but triumph. Nothing ahead of him now but Rawlings' money. Grace, a shocked, grieved young widow, wouldn't be niggardly with her sympathetic brother, of course. She had already done her best, pawning her jewels to help Bryan out with his gambling debts. Bryan was senior teller at the little Shady Valley bank. Grace didn't know about his six thousand-dollar shortage there, of course. That would have been discovered next week, when the bank examiners arrived; but it would be made good by Grace now, of course. He shivered at the closeness of his escape.

As he reached Center Avenue, Bryan's heart jumped. Down the broad shaded street, where the cluster of lamps over a stoop marked the brick building which was the Shady Valley Police Station, a little rumination was evident. A group of people were on the sidewalk; a big sedan was there at the curb; and inside the building there was evidently unusual activity.

Bryan hopped out and joined the crowd. "I say, what's happened?" he demanded of a pimply-faced youth.

"Oh, you, Fashion Plate." But the village boy wasn't jibing. He was awed; excited. "Your brother-in-law," he said. "Mr. Rawlings—guess he's dead—he was found down in the lake near the Thomasville cut-off."

"Why—why, good heavens, that's terrible—my brother-in-law, you say?" He knew that he should force his way into

the police station. That was the normal thing to do—a shocked relative. . . . He'd phone poor Grace from inside. . . .

He was in the police station now, with two or three uniformed men clustering around him. It was all a blur to his troubled sight. A ring of staring eyes; voices. . . . "Lookit him! Fashion Plate never looked like this before."

"Why is he so frightened?"

"Damn queer—something queer about this, fellows—"

Hands were plucking at him. What in heaven's name could this mean? Then suddenly he realized that the policemen were searching him; taking things from his pockets. His familiar things from his pocket pocket. . . .

Then abruptly one of the big policemen was saying:

"You, Bryan—when did you last see your brother-in-law?"

"Me? See Peter? Why—why, I haven't seen him for a week."

What was this? What was the matter with everybody here? These things they were taking from Bryan's pockets—

"Didn't see him tonight—not at all today?" the policeman persisted.

"No. No, of course, I didn't."

"Didn't happen to go swimming with him tonight by any chance, did you?"

"Say, what's the matter with all you people? Is this some kind of joke? Of course, I didn't go swimming. Haven't seen Peter in a week, I told you."

"But you're a good swimmer?"

"Yes. Sure I am. What in hell has that—"

"You wouldn't let your brother-in-law drown waist deep in water, would you now?"

The big sergeant gestured with grim irony to the things he was taking from Bryan's trousers' pockets. . . . A memorandum dated today, on a billhead of Rawlings' store. . . . A telegram to Rawlings. . . .

"He got that telegram at nine o'clock tonight," the sergeant said. "Stuffed it here into his trousers' pocket—"

Sickened with horror, Bryan stared down at his white linen trousers, and his whistling mind swept back. . . . That dark cluster of rocks on the shorefront where he and Rawlings had undressed. . . . Their clothes had been in separate piles. Except the white trousers. He realized it now—the white trousers, both so familiar, laying partly on top of each other, with the white towel on them—just thin pallid blobs down there in the darkness of the ground. And as he dressed after the murder Bryan had been in such a panic of haste and excitement he had had no time to think of himself at all, nor in his dark car until he had come here. . . . The first time in his life that Beau Brummel had neglected his appearance!

"We've got you, Bryan—"

"Yes, you—you've got me—"

He hardly realized he was saying it. He was still blankly staring down at his white linen trousers. But they were Rawlings' white linen trousers rumpled and dirty, very far from being neatly pressed because Rawlings was no Fashion Plate!



# WORLD WONDERS



**SNAKES**  
CANNOT BE  
CHARMED  
WITH MUSIC

THEY ARE DEAF!

THEY HEAR ONLY  
THRU GROUND  
VIBRATIONS!

ON BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND  
IN THE SOLOMON GROUP THE  
DAYS ARE CLOUDY AND SUN  
SELDOM APPEARS **YET-**  
THE NATIVES ARE KNOWN  
FOR THEIR BLACK SKIN!



**THE** HAIRY TARANTULAS OF  
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA  
ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO CAPTURE  
AND KILL BIRDS.....



**THE** TUSKS OF THE **RHINO**  
ARE NEITHER BONE NOR HORN  
BUT TIGHTLY COMPACTED  
HAIR.....

# THE HANGMAN

SPECIAL  
CASE  
NO. 26

B. F. F.

the CASE  
of the  
PYTHON'S  
CURSE





INDIA!  
LAND OF  
LEGEND!  
LAND OF  
THE WEIRD  
AND SUPER  
NATURAL!  
IT IS HERE,  
OUR  
STRANGE  
UNBELIEV-  
ABLE  
TALE  
BEGINS!  
IT IS ONLY  
HERE, SUCH  
A TALE  
COULD  
BEGIN!  
IN  
INDIA!

IN THE BUSTLING  
MARKET PLACE OF  
AN ANCIENT HINDU  
TOWN!...



...THREE  
EXPLORERS  
CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH  
A SNAKE CHARMER...



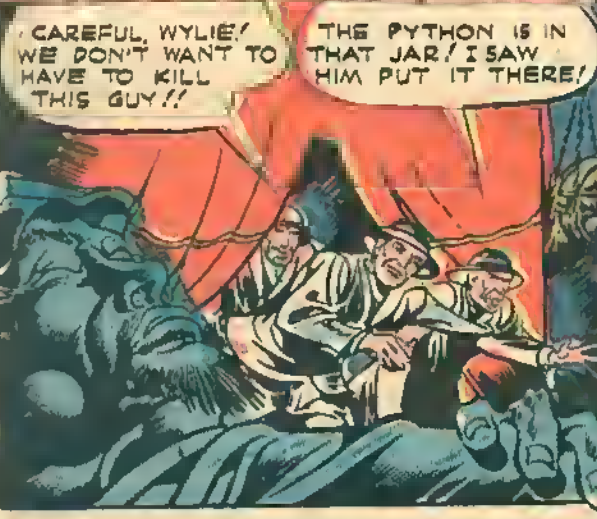
LOOK  
BAXTER!  
THERE  
IT IS!

GREAT  
SCOTT!  
THE RARE  
RINGED  
PYTHON!

IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE  
IN THE STATES, BUT THAT  
CHARMER'D NEVER SELL IT  
TO US! TO HIM, IT'S SACRED!  
NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN TO  
GET IT! .... LISTEN...



LATE THAT NIGHT, THE UNSCRUPULOUS  
FORTUNE HUNTERS PUT THEIR PLAN INTO  
EFFECT....



CAREFUL, WYLIE!  
WE DON'T WANT TO  
HAVE TO KILL  
THIS GUY!!

THE PYTHON IS IN  
THAT JAR! I SAW  
HIM PUT IT THERE!

SUDDENLY.

AARRHHH..  
HELP!!

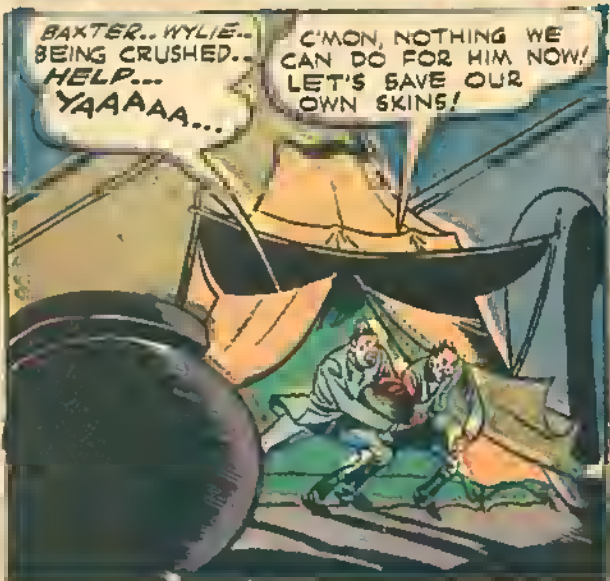
HOLY MACKERAL!  
ANOTHER SNAKE!  
IT'S GOT GORLEY!

GRAB  
THE JAR,  
BEFORE  
THE HINDU  
AWAKES!



BAXTER.. WYLIE..  
BEING CRUSHED..  
HELP...  
YAAAAA...

C'MON, NOTHING WE  
CAN DO FOR HIM NOW!  
LET'S SAVE OUR  
OWN SKINS!



BUT THE HINDU AWAKENS,  
AND...

THE CURSE OF  
THE SACRED PYTHON  
BE ON YOUR SOULS,  
FOUL INFIDELS!





WELL, BAXTER,  
U.S.A. NEXT  
STOP.. AND  
ALL THE MONEY  
WE WANT!

YES, WYLIE!  
FOR A SPECIMEN  
LIKE THIS  
RINGED PYTH-  
ON, WE CAN  
NAME OUR  
OWN PRICE!



AND IN NEW YORK...  
HALF A  
MILLION  
DOLLARS FOR  
THE SNAKE,  
AND NOT A  
CENT LESS!

YOU DRIVE  
A HARD  
BARGAIN,  
BAXTER,  
BUT IT'S  
A DEAL!



SO, IT IS, ONE OF THE EX-  
ECUTIVES BAXTER, BUYS A  
BEAUTIFUL HOME, WITH HIS  
ILL-GOTTEN GAINS....



AND INSIDE...

I CAN LIVE LIKE A KING  
NOW, AND ALL FOR THE  
PRICE OF A SNAKE CHARMER'S  
CURSE! HA, HA, HA!



TOO BAD, GORLEY GOT KILLED!  
THAT'S HIS TOUGH LUCK!  
WHA... WHAT'S THAT?  
SOUNDS LIKE  
MUSIC!



...ORIENTAL MUSIC! LIKE  
THAT SNAKE CHARMER  
PLAYED! MUST BE MY  
IMAGINATION! I... I... I  
BETTER GET SOME  
SLEEP!!



YAHWW NN..  
SOMETHING'S CRAWLING  
IN MY BED!



THE.. THE  
RINGED  
PYTHON!



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, BAXTER REMAINS AS THOUGH ROOTED TO HIS BED.. THEN...



TIGHTER, AND TIGHTER, THE PYTHON COILS ITSELF AROUND THE HELPLESS VICTIM AND ALL THE WHILE THE WEIRD MUSIC BECOMES LOUDER.....



STILL TIGHTER! UNTIL THE VICTIM'S FEEBLE STRUGGLES FOREVER CEASE...



AND THEN THE MUSICIAN STANDS FORTH THE SNAKE CHARMER



BACK TO YOUR MASTER, MY PRETTY ONE! WE HAVE MORE WORK TO DO THIS NIGHT!



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE IN HERE... EEE.... MR. BAXTER.. MR. BAXTER... WHAT'S HAPPENED?



POLICE.. POLICE.. THIS IS MR. BAXTER'S MAID! HURRY OVER! MR. BAXTER'S DEAD! MURDERED!

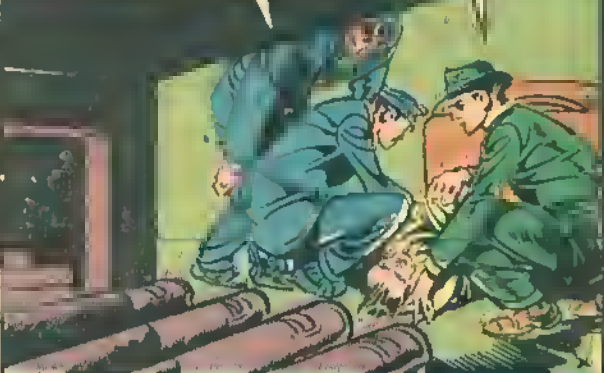


DEAD ENOUGH ALL  
RIGHT, DICKERING!  
EVERY BONE IN  
HIS BODY IS BROKEN!  
HOW THE HECK COULD  
IT HAVE HAPPENED?

A CERTAIN TYPE OF  
**SNAKE** COULD  
HAVE DONE IT  
CHIEF! A BOA-  
CONSTRUCTOR, OR  
A PYTHON!

YOU, AND YOUR COCKEYED  
THEORIES! WHAT WOULD  
A **SNAKE** BE DOIN'  
AROUND THESE  
PARTS, DICKERING?

I DON'T  
KNOW! I  
JUST  
THOUGHT!



WHY, MR.  
BAXTER JUST  
SOLD A SNAKE  
TO THE ZOO,  
GENTLEMEN!

SO WHAT? IF THE  
SNAKE HAD ES-  
CAPED, THEY'D  
HAVE NOTIFIED  
THE POLICE!

LOOKS LIKE THE CHIEF'S  
DETERMINED NOT TO BE-  
LIEVE MY SNAKE THEORY.  
I'M GOING TO HAVE A  
PRIVATE  
CHAT WITH  
THAT  
JAILER!

YES, MR. DICKERING!  
MR. BAXTER HAD  
A COUPLA OTHERS  
WITH HIM IN  
INDIA! A MR.  
GORLEY, AND  
A MR. WILEY!

AND YOU  
SAY,  
GORLEY  
DIDN'T  
COME BACK  
WITH 'EM,  
EH??



WELL, S'LONG,  
CHIEF! GOTTA SEE  
A MAN ABOUT  
A **SNAKE**!

I DON'T LIKE  
THE WAY YOU  
SAY THAT, DICKERING!  
WHAT ARE YEZ  
UP TO?

EXIT, BOB DICKERING! ENTER THE  
**HANGMAN**! AND NOW, WE'LL SEE, WHAT  
MR. WILEY HAS TO SAY ABOUT MY SNAKE  
HUNCH! FORTUNATELY, THAT MAID  
KNEW HIS ADDRESS!!





I DON'T KNOW, WHY IT IS / BUT SOMEHOW I  
FEEL AS THOUGH I MUST HURRY / AS THOUGH  
THE SAME FATE IS HANGING OVER  
WILEY'S HEAD!



THIS IS THE  
NEIGHBORHOOD!  
NOT A VERY NICE  
ONE FOR A FELLOW  
WHO JUST MADE  
A FORTUNE, SELLING  
A SNAKE!



IN WILEY'S HOUSE!

PERHAPS, I SHOULD  
HAVE TAKEN MY  
SHARE OF THAT  
MONEY, DEAR!  
I COULD HAVE  
GIVEN YOU NICE  
THINGS.

NO, DARLING!  
YOU DID  
RIGHT IN  
SENDING IT  
TO GORLEY'S  
WIDOW!



IT WAS BLOOD  
MONEY.. AND  
WE NEVER  
WOULD HAVE  
BEEN HAPPY  
WITH IT!

YES! I  
NEVER WANTED  
TO STEAL THAT  
SNAKE / BUT  
BAXTER TALKED  
ME INTO IT / WELL  
GOOD NIGHT,  
DEAR !!



I DIDN'T TELL  
MY WIFE ABOUT THAT  
HORRIBLE CURSE, THE  
SNAKE CHARMER FLUNG  
AFTER US / IT'S ONLY  
NONSENSE ANYWAY,  
BUT IT MIGHT ALARM  
HER !!!



WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE  
MUSIC!..ORIENTAL MUSIC!  
RIGHT OUTSIDE MY  
WINDOW!



WHO'D BE PLAYING  
MUSIC ANYWAY, THIS  
TIME OF NIGHT?  
AND SUCH A  
WEIRD TUNE!



WAIT! THAT WAS THE  
MUSIC, WE HEARD IN INDIA!  
THE SNAKE CHARMER'S  
MUSIC! THE CURSE!  
BUT.. BUT IT CAN'T  
BE!!



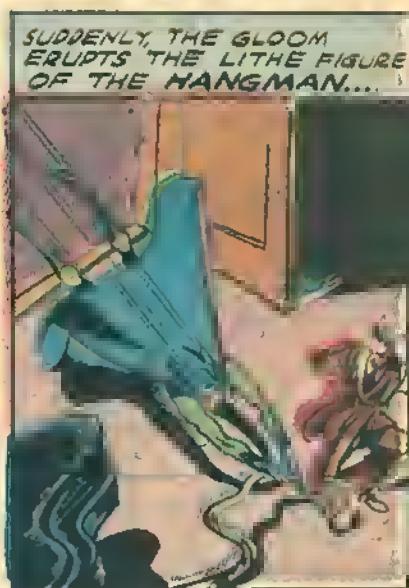
YEE OOWW..  
THE RINGED  
PYTHON!



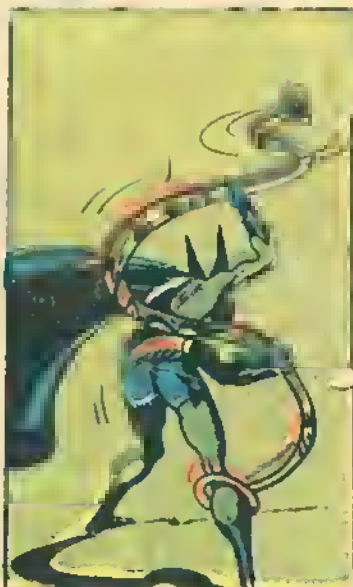
IT.. IT'S GOT ME  
HYPNOTIZED! I...  
CAN'T MOOVE!



SUDDENLY, THE GLOOM  
ERUPTS, THE LITHE FIGURE  
OF THE HANGMAN...



.. AND AS THE HANGMAN  
BATTLES THE DEADLY PYTHON,  
A KNIFE FLASHES THROUGH  
THE AIR AND....







TH.. THANKS,  
FOR TRYING  
TO HELP! BUT  
NO USE, COULDN'T  
ESCAPE THE CURSE!  
CURSE OF  
THE  
SACRED  
PYTHON!  
ONLY RING-  
ED PYTHON  
IN EXISTENCE!  
AAAHHH..



YES! AND  
YOU SHALL  
DIE TOO  
MEDDLER!



ON SECOND THOUGHT,  
I'D BETTER LET HIM  
LIVE, AND CARRY THE TALE  
OF THE CURSE!



OOO... MY HEAD!  
MIGHT THINK A  
BLACKSMITH PLAYED  
THE ANVIL CHORUS  
ON IT, IF I HADN'T  
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE  
OF THAT HINDU  
BEFORE HE  
CONKED  
ME!



HELLO  
CHIEF!!  
BETTER  
HUSTLE  
DOWN HERE!  
ANOTHER  
CUSTOMER FOR  
YOU!!



SO THAT  
RINGED  
PYTHON IS  
THE ONLY  
ONE OF  
IT'S KIND IN  
EXISTENCE  
EH??



THAT MEANS,  
THAT IT *MUST*  
HAVE COME  
FROM THE  
ZOO!

...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO REMOVE A SNAKE FROM THE ZOO, WITHOUT ITS BEING REPORTED TO THE POLICE...IF THE ZOO-KEEPER HIMSELF TOOK IT!!!



AH...THE RINGED PYTHON IS MISSING FROM HIS CAGE, THAT MEANS I GOT HERE BEFORE IT COULD BE PUT BACK!



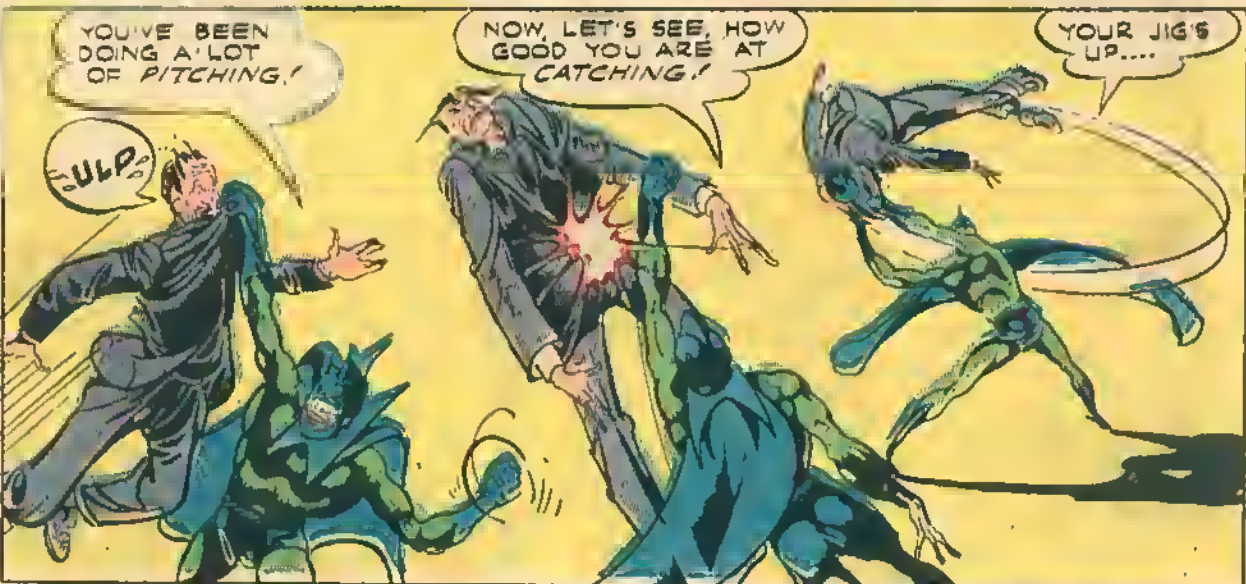
AS THOUGH WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, THE HANGMAN WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE...



YOU'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF PITCHING!

NOW, LET'S SEE, HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT CATCHING!

YOUR JIG'S UP....



...MR. GORLEY!  
ALIAS, THE  
SNAKE CHARME-  
!!!



AND YOU'RE GOING TO HANG, FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR TWO FELLOW EXPLORERS, BAXTER, AND WILEY! HANG, DO YOU HEAR?



NO, I WON'T, HANGMAN! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT!





.. BUT THOSE RATS  
LEFT ME TO DIE! I ESCAPED  
AFTER ALL! I GOT A  
JOB AS A GUARD IN THIS  
ZOO, SO I COULD HAVE  
ACCESS TO THE PYTHON!

THAT HINDU'S CURSE  
GAVE ME THE IDEA  
ON HOW TO GET  
MY REVENGE! SO  
I DISGUISED  
MYSELF AS  
HIM!

BUT NOW, I'M GOING TO  
KILL YOU, TOO,  
HANGMAN! YOU'LL  
NEVER HANG ME!

WATCH  
OUT!  
THE  
PYTHON

WHA...

HANGMAN!  
HELP! IT'S  
STRANGLING  
ME!

GOOD LORD!  
THAT THING'S GOT HIM  
AROUND THE THROAT..  
LIKE A  
NOOSE!

BANG

DEAD!  
HE WAS  
HANGED BY  
THE NECK,  
AFTER  
ALL!

POOR MISGUIDED FOOL! HE  
MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY  
WITH IT, IF I HADN'T BEATEN  
HIM BACK TO THE ZOO! BUT  
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, WITH  
CRIMINALS! THERE'S ALWAYS  
THAT IF!

HAVE YOU TUNED  
IN ON THE  
**BLACK HOOD?**  
EVERY DAY  
MONDAY TO  
FRIDAY,  
ON THE  
MUTUAL  
BROADCASTING  
COMPANY,  
WRITE STATION  
WOR  
N.Y.C., N.Y.  
AND TELL THEM  
YOU'D LIKE TO  
KEEP HEARING  
**THE  
BLACK  
HOOD!**  
WRITE NOW!

# THE **BLACK HOOD**

## WANTS YOU

TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR  
MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--



**T**HE **BLACK HOOD** IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM! CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... AND TUNE IN! A TWIST OF THE DIAL... AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH-ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS... WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL... **THE BLACK HOOD**. WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, W.O.R., N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN **MLJ** PUBLICATION, YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO THE BLACK HOOD STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C. N.Y.



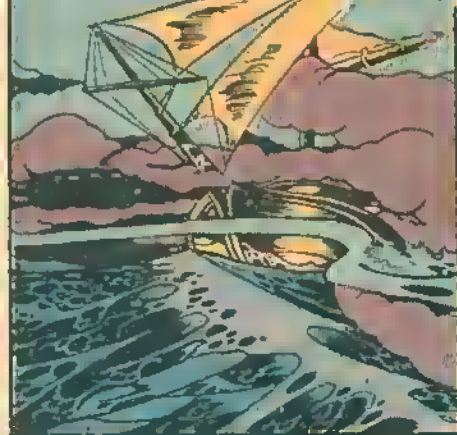
# HANGMAN

*Special Case*  
no. 27

**Pirates**  
out of  
the  
**Past**



A STRANGE GHOSTLY FOG HANGS OVER THE OCEAN... BUT NO STRANGER IS IT THAN THE SHIP IT BLANKETS - AN ANCIENT SPANISH GALLEON



AND IN THE CROW'S NEST LAND! LAND DEAD AHEAD, CAPTAIN BALBO!



LAND AT LONG LAST! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE LAND AGAIN!

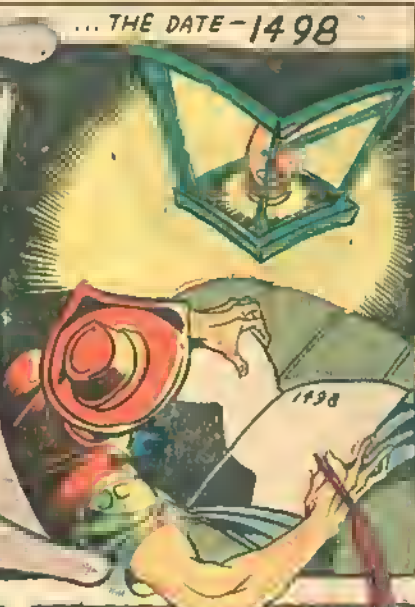
SI, CAPTAIN BALBO! IT MUST BE MONTHS SINCE WE FIRST FLOATED INTO THE FOG!



YES! I WAS ALMOST BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS BAD LUCK FOR US TO HAVE PLUNDERED AND SUNK THAT SHIP CARRYING THE SPANISH CHURCH'S GOLD!  
HA, HA, HA, HA



IS THIS SOME JEST AN ANCIENT SHIP WHOSE CREW SEEMS MADE UP OF ANCIENT PIRATES? AND YET WHEN THE PIRATE CAPTAIN GOES TO HIS QUARTERS, HE OPENS HIS LOG BOOK AND INSCRIBES IN IT, SERIOUSLY ENOUGH...



MAKE FOR THAT COVE, MEN!



I, CAPTAIN BALBO CLAIM THIS LAND! WE SHALL BUILD OUR HEADQUARTERS HERE!



AND ON THIS VERY SPOT SHALL WE BURY OUR LOOT!





BUT UNSEEN, THERE IS A SPECTATOR TO THE BIZARRE SCENE ON THE BEACH...

GEE WHIZ... GOLLY!  
PIRATES! MAYBE THEY'RE  
MAKIN' A MOVING  
PICTURE!

A MOVING PICTURE... PERHAPS! AND YET THE  
CAST OF CHARACTERS SEEM CURIOUSLY SINCERE

START DIGGING  
HERE, MATIES!

AYE, AYE,  
CAPTAIN  
BALBO!

DEEPER! MUCH  
DEEPER!

SEEMS LIKE THIS  
IS DEEP ENOUGH  
CAPTAIN! WE'RE  
NOT DIGGING A  
GRAVE!

SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN'S EYES GLEAM WICK-  
EDLY AND HE DRAWS A PAIR OF ANCIENT  
PISTOLS.

HOW RIGHT YOU  
ARE MATES! YOU  
ARE DIGGING A  
GRAVE! YOUR  
GRAVE! HA, HA,  
HA, HA!

BANG

BANG

FOOLS! DID YOU THINK  
I'D ALLOW ANYONE ELSE  
BUT MYSELF TO KNOW  
WHERE THIS TREASURE  
IS HIDDEN

THEN IT IS, THE CURIOUS YOUNG-  
STER REALIZES THIS SCENE IS  
REAL...

HE... HE KILLED 'EM-  
THE MURDERER!

I'M GONNA  
CALL THE  
COPS!

WHA.. THE  
HANGMAN!

WHOA, YOUNG  
FELLOW! YOU  
SEEM IN A TERRI-  
BLE HURRY!

YOU SAW  
IT TOO,  
HANGMAN?

IT WOULDN'T BE  
THAT PIRATE SHIP  
THAT FRIGHTENED  
YOU SO!

THEN MAYBE YOU  
SAW THE PIRATE  
CAPTAIN MUR-  
DER TWO  
OF HIS MEN  
AN' BURY  
'EM BACK  
THERE WITH  
THE TREAS-  
URE...

MURDER... BURIED TREASURE... SOUNDS  
LIKE SOMETHING ONLY A KID WOULD DREAM  
UP- IF I HADN'T SEEN THAT CRAZY SHIP MY-  
SELF... C'MON YOUNG FELLOW! SHOW ME  
WHERE...

I LINED UP THE PIRATE  
SHIP WITH THIS ROTTED  
HULK. IS THIS WHERE  
YOU SAW THE  
PIRATES?

NO! A LITTLE  
FURTHER DOWN  
THE BEACH!

THERE IT IS, HANGMAN! THE  
PIRATES MARKED THE  
SPOT WITH THAT  
STAKE!

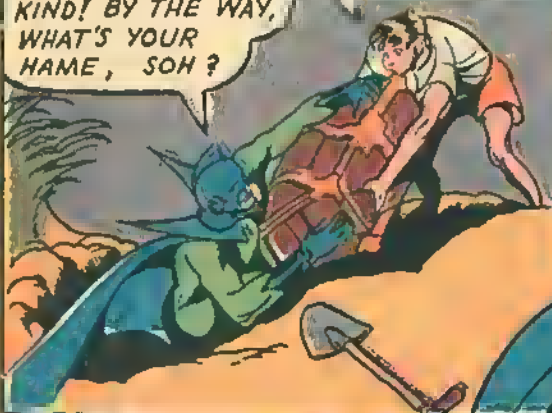
HMM... LEFT THE  
SHOVEL HERE, TOO!  
MUST PLAN  
ON RETURNING  
SOON. BETTER START  
DIGGING FIRST!



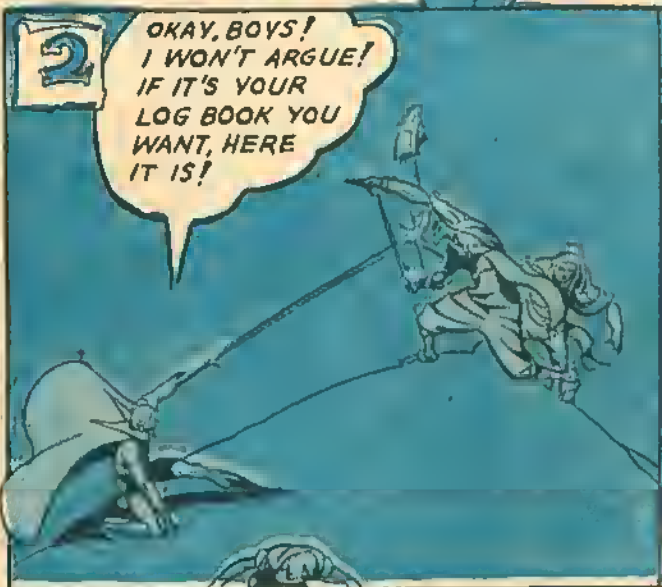
YOU WERE RIGHT...  
AND IT SOUNDS AS  
THOUGH THIS TRUNK  
REALLY CONTAINS  
COINS OF SOME  
KIND! BY THE WAY,  
WHAT'S YOUR  
NAME, SON?

JOEY! BOY, I NEVER  
DREAMED  
I'D BE HELPIN'  
YOU, HANGMAN!

HOLY COW! SPANISH DOUBLOONS, AT LEAST  
500 YEARS OLD! AND LOOK AT THE DATE ON  
THIS LOG BOOK!



OH! OH! WE'VE  
GOT COMPANY!  
AND NOT VERY  
PLEASANT  
COMPANY  
BY THE  
LOOKS  
OF THEM!

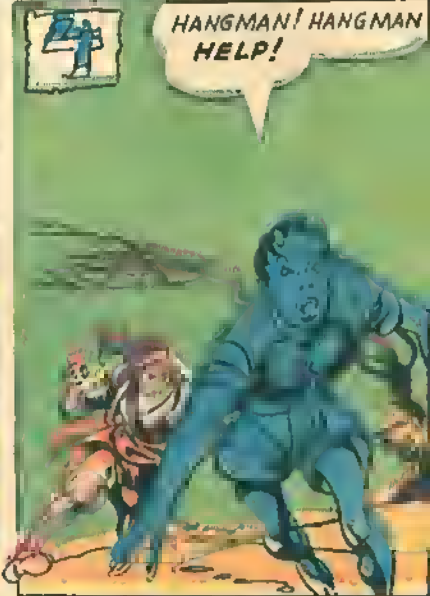


OKAY, BOYS!  
I WON'T ARGUE!  
IF IT'S YOUR  
LOG BOOK YOU  
WANT, HERE  
IT IS!



I, CAPTAIN  
BALBO, SHALL  
KILL YOU!

SO YOU  
SPEAK  
ENGLISH!  
THANKS  
FOR THE  
INTROUC-  
TION!



HANGMAN! HANGMAN  
HELP!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE HANGMAN HIMSELF, IS IN DEADLY PERIL AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN DEXTEROUSLY DISARMS HIM, AND ADVANCES WITH THE WICKED LOOK OF MURDER GLEAMING IN HIS EYES!



THIS GUY  
MEANS  
BUSINESS!



JOEY! THERE'S BLOOD  
RUNNING FROM HIS  
HEAD...BUT IT'S ONLY  
A SCALP WOUND!



I HAVE YOU NOW, IMP  
OF SATAN! YOUR  
FRIEND THE ONE YOU  
CALL HANGMAN,  
SHALL NOT SAVE  
YOU!



NO! NO!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE THE  
OLD-FASHIONED WAY OF  
DISPOSING OF CAPTAIN  
BALBO!

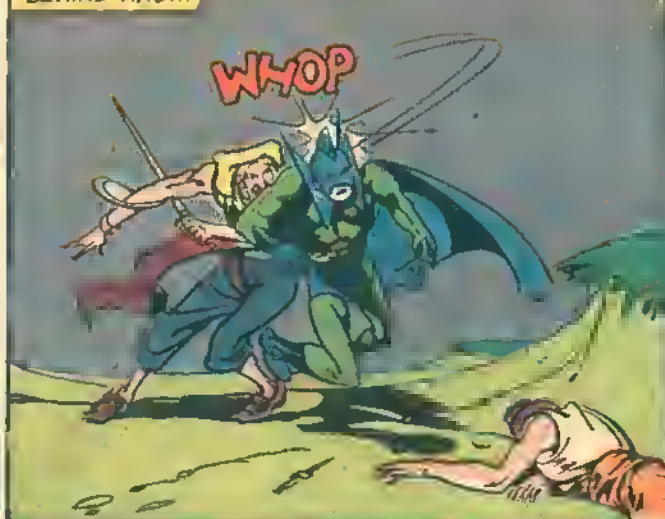


NO YOU DON'T  
RAT! SEEMS TO BE  
A SPECIALTY OF  
YOU FELLOWS-  
STABBING  
PEOPLE IN  
THE  
BACK!





**BUT THEN, ANOTHER PIRATE SKULKS UP FROM BEHIND AND...**



**BOUND AND UNCONSCIOUS, THE HANGMAN AND JOEY ARE TAKEN TO THE GHOST SHIP...**



**WHO ARE YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO? OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS? WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?**

**RACKET! RACKET! YOU SPEAK A STRANGE ENGLISH TONGUE! BUT IT MATTERS NOT! YOU TWO SHALL FETCH A HANDSOME RANSOM!**



**CAPTAIN BALBO! COME QUICK! I OVERHEARD THE MEN TALKING OF MUTINY!**

**WHAT!**



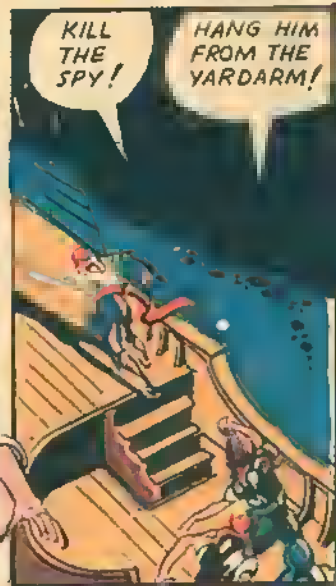
**AYE! THEY KNOW YOU BURIED THE TREASURE TO CHEAT THEM OF IT! AND THEY FOUND THE BODIES OF PEDRO AND JUAN WHOM YOU SHOT!**

**THE FILTHY SCUM! COME WITH ME, CUCARACHA**

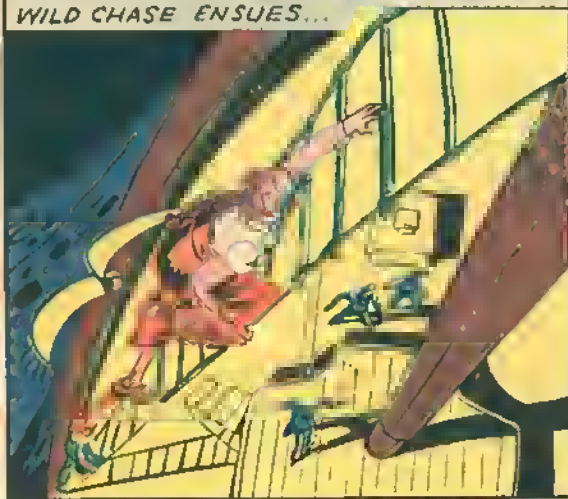


**LISTEN TO ME, YOU SWINE 'Twill DO YOU NO GOOD TO PLOT AGAINST ME! I HAVE SPIES AMONG YOU. I KNOW YOUR EVERY MOVE!**

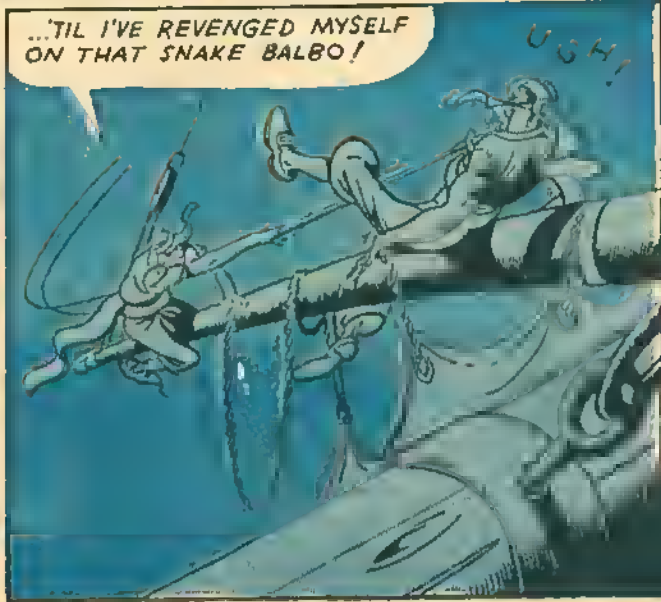




SQUEALING WITH TERROR, THE COCKROACH FRANTICALLY TRIES TO ELUDE HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY VENGEFUL PURSUERS—AND A WILD CHASE ENSUES...



I'VE GOT YOU NOW... I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT!





BUT THE COCKROACH  
LOSES HIS BALANCE AND  
TOPPLES OFF HIS PERCH.

1

A  
A  
I  
E

2

STILL ALIVE AND  
KICKING, EH!  
FEED 'IM TO THE  
SHARKS, MEN!

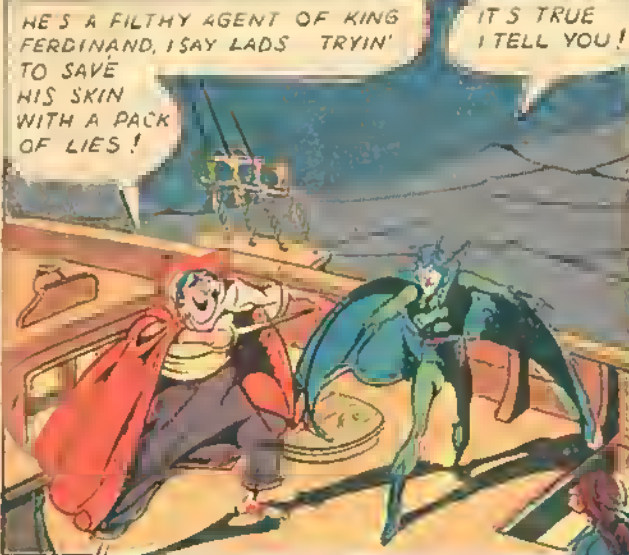
AS FOR YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO,  
WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH  
YOU YET! WE WANT OUR  
SHARE OF THAT LOOT—AND  
WE WANT IT NOW!

CERTAINLY, YOU  
GET YOUR SHARES!  
YOU DON'T THINK  
I'D CHEAT YOU,  
DO YOU?

NEVER  
MIND THE  
TALK! JUST  
DIVIDE  
THE  
SPOILS!

JUST A MINUTE, ALL OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW  
WHO YOU ARE—OR HOW YOU GOT HERE! BUT  
YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! IT'S POINTLESS  
TO SQUABBLE AMONG YOURSELVES ABOUT  
YOUR BLOODY SPOILS!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, THEN YOU ALL  
SHOULD HAVE DIED MORE THAN 4  
CENTURIES AGO! THIS IS THE YEAR 1943!  
THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GIVE  
YOURSELVES UP TO  
THE PROPER  
AUTHORITIES!



HE'S A FILTHY AGENT OF KING FERDINAND, I SAY LADS TRYIN' TO SAVE HIS SKIN WITH A PACK OF LIES!

IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU!

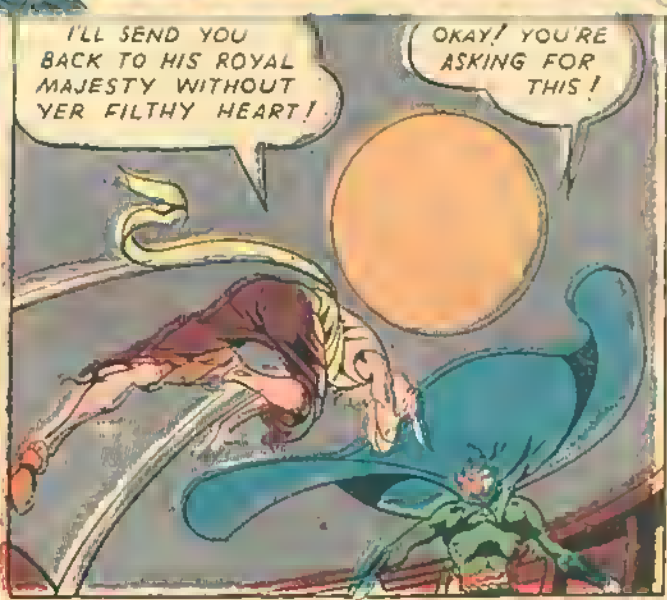
STRING 'IM FROM THE YARDARM!

CUT HIS GIZZARD OUT!

IT'S A TRICK TO ROB US OF OUR LOOT!

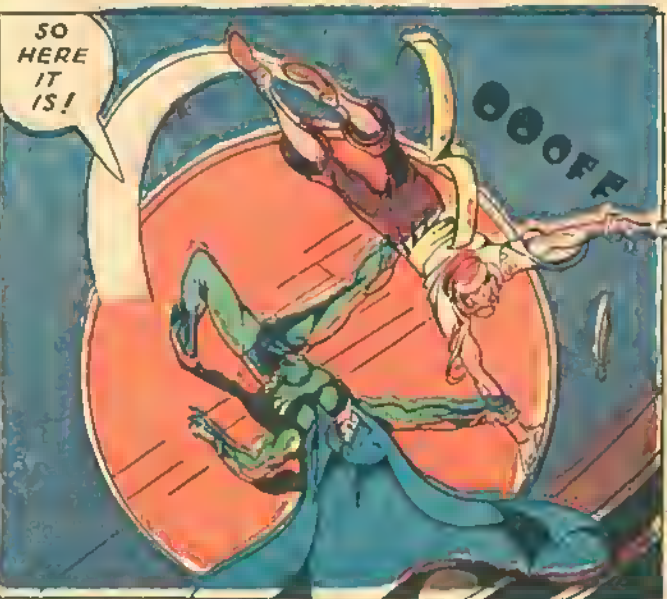


STAND BACK, LADS! I GET FIRST CRACK AT HIM!



I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY WITHOUT YER FILTHY HEART!

OKAY! YOU'RE ASKING FOR THIS!



SO HERE IT IS!

OOOFF

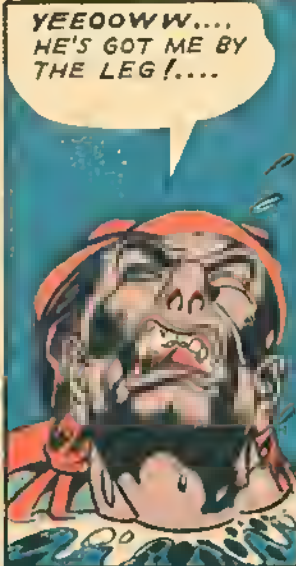


SPLASH



HELP MATES!  
A SHARK!  
HELP...

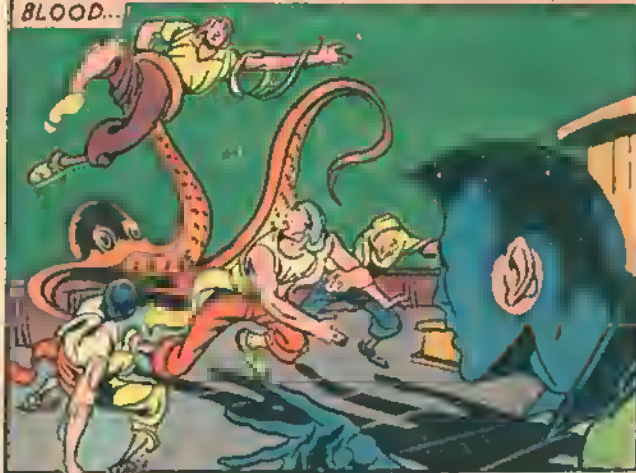
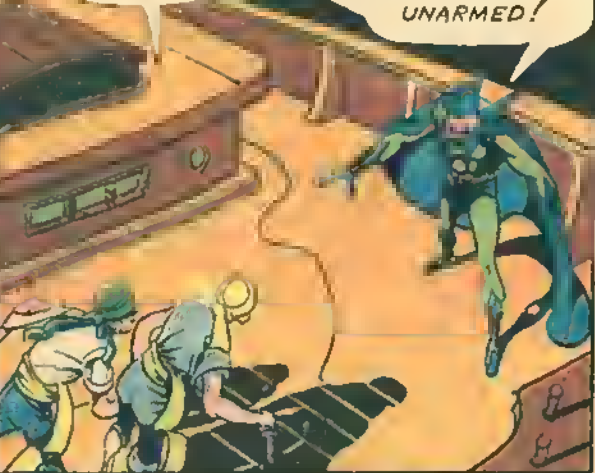
YEEOWW....  
HE'S GOT ME BY  
THE LEG!...



AT 'IM LADS! WE'LL  
FINISH 'IM OFF  
QUICK!

WOW... LOOK'S LIKE  
MY GOOSE IS COOKED!  
I CAN'T FIGHT THE  
WHOLE CREW!  
UNARMED!

JUST AS THINGS SEEM HOPELESS FOR THE  
HANGMAN, FATE COMES TO HIS AID IN THE  
SHAPE OF AN OCTOPUS, DREAD DENIZEN OF  
THE DEEP, ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF  
BLOOD...



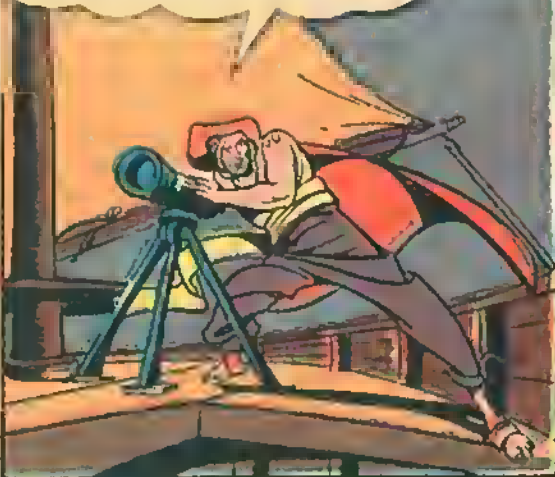
AND THE HANGMAN, TRUE TO HIS  
CODE OF HONOR, GOES TO THE AID  
OF HIS HELPLESS ENEMIES...



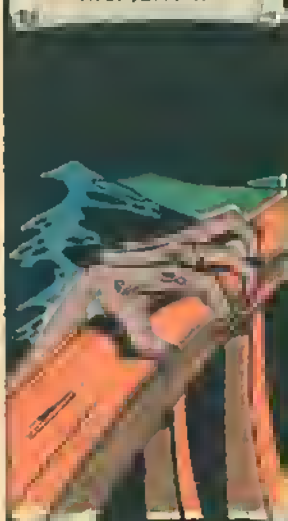
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF THAT ACCURSED KING'S AGENT... AND SOME OF THOSE MUTINOUS SWINE, TOO!

WHAT IN... THE RAT'S TURNING THE CANNON ON HIS OWN MEN!

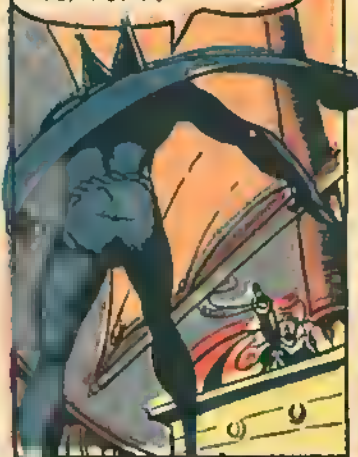
AN ANCIENT BUT MURDEROUS WEAPON, CUTS A WIDE SWATH OF DEATH IN THE RANKS.



AND AT THAT MOMENT...

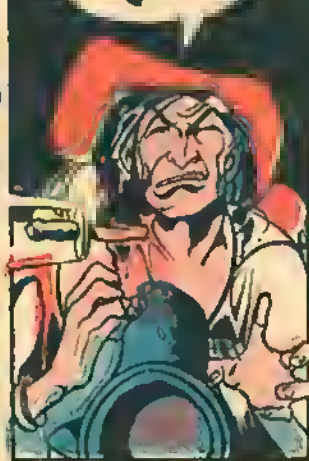


YOU ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN YOUR TIME CAPT. BALBO! BUT I'LL BE YOUR HANGMAN IN THIS CENTURY!

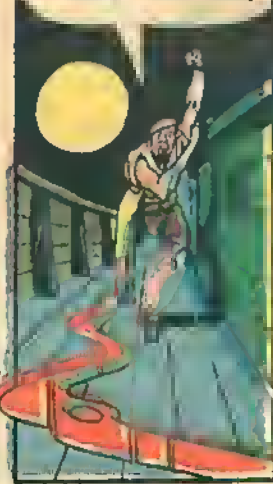


YOU'LL BE A DEAD HANGMAN AS SOON AS I PULL THIS...

**UGH**

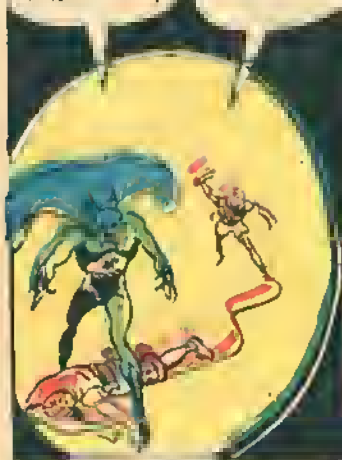


I TOLD YE THE COCKROACH'D GET HIS REVENGE CAPTAIN BALBO!



THEY'RE ALL DEAD... EVERY LAST ONE OF THE CREW!

HANGMAN! LOOK, I FOUND THE LOGBOOK!



HMM... IT'S BALBO'S LOG BOOK ALL RIGHT, WITH ALL HIS CRIMES RECORDED HERE! CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE 15TH CENTURY!

DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S TRUE HANGMAN?





I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, JOEY. IT ALL SOUNDS SO FANTASTIC, AND YET... JOEY! WATCH OUT! THAT MAST! IT'S TOPPLING OUR WAY!



JUMP! THE WHOLE SHIP IS CRACKING UP. IT'LL SINK ANY MINUTE!



THAT'S FUNNY, ONE MINUTE IT SEEMED SOLID ENOUGH, AND THE NEXT, IT WENT COMPLETELY TO PIECES!

HOW'RE WE GONNA GET BACK TO SHORE!... I CAN'T SWIM THAT FAR!



FORTUNATELY JOEY'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER WHICH COMES STEAMING UP.



I DON'T GET IT. WE JUST PICKED YOU UP - AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO DOWN IN A DIVING HELMET! WHY?

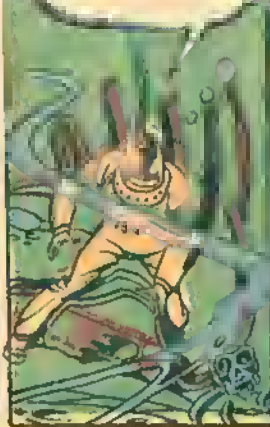
TO BRING YOU PROOF OF A STORY I HARDLY BELIEVE MYSELF! PROOF THAT WENT DOWN WITH THAT SHIP!



GREAT SCOT! THIS IS THE SPOT IT SANK. I'M POSITIVE! AND YET...



THE SHIP AND THE CREW ARE ALL ROTTED AWAY - JUST AS THOUGH THEY'D BEEN HERE FOR CENTURIES...

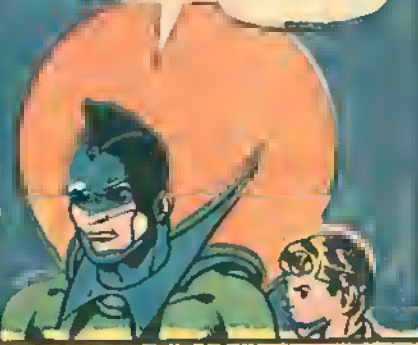


WELL, HANGMAN, ARE YOU READY TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! DID YOU GET THE PROOF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?



YES, CAPTAIN, I CONVINCED MYSELF! AS FOR THE STORY, IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD AS AN OFFICIAL REPORT - SO PERHAPS IT HAD BEST BE LEFT

UNTOLD!



# The HANGMAN'S PUZZLE

WHO MURDERED WENDEL WHITE ??? HE WAS CRUELLY KILLED BY ONE OF FIVE RELATIVES WHO WORKED FOR HIM...WHO DID IT ? THE HANGMAN KNOWS -- DO **YOU** ?



THIS IS TOBEY WHITE, CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT.



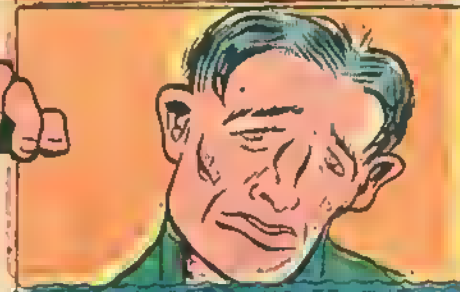
THIS IS CABOT WHITE, THE ARTIST...



THIS IS BARTY WHITE, THE BAKER



THIS IS CAROL WHITE, FAMILY ORGANIST.



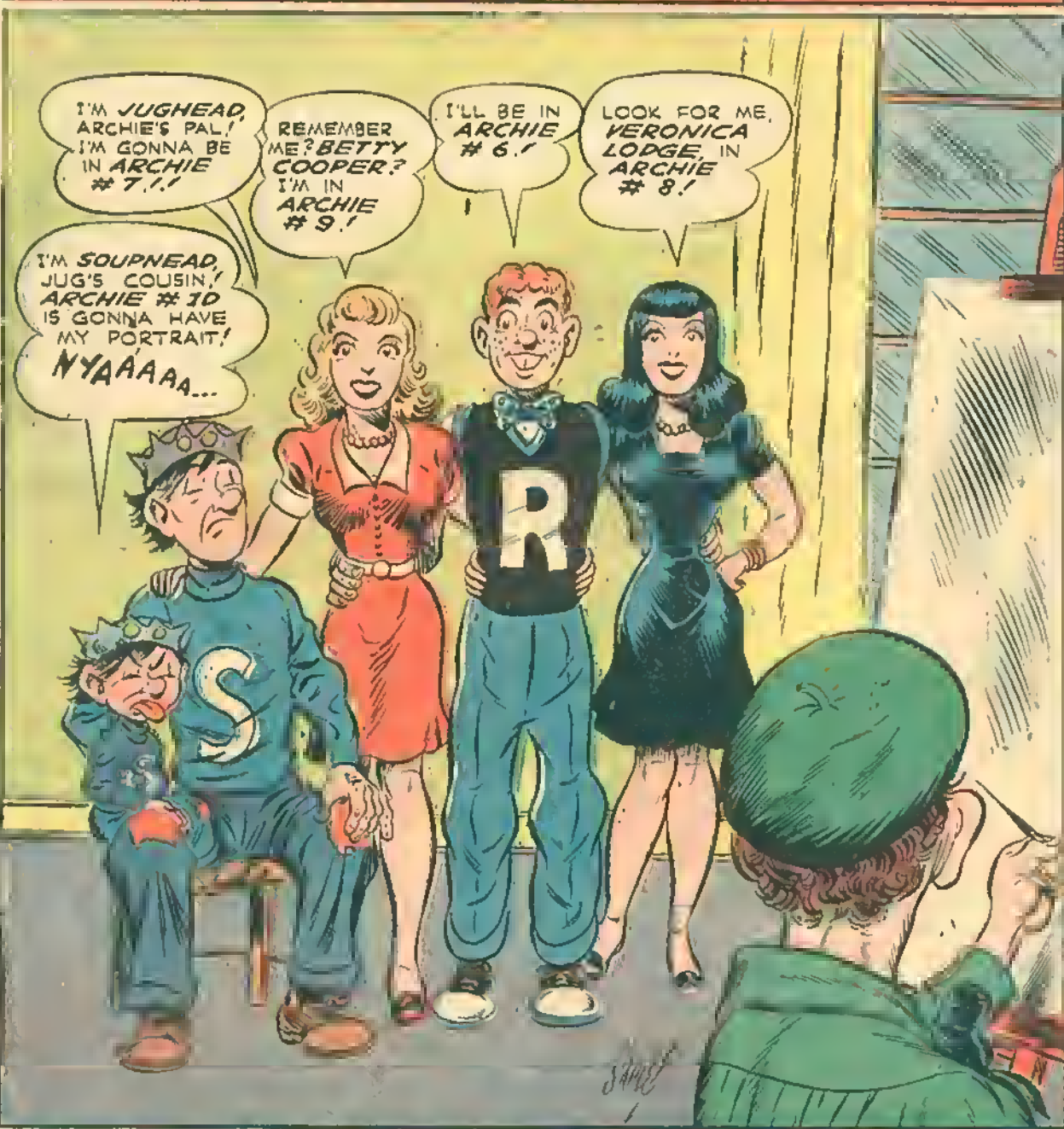
THIS IS GARRY WHITE, THE FAMILY TAILOR.

HERE IS THE HANGMAN'S CLUE...JUST TAKE THE FIRST LETTER OF THE JOB OF EACH SUSPECT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE NAME OF THE KILLER.... HERE IS THE ANSWER TO READ IT...HOLD IT UP TO A MIRROR **TOBEY**



# GREAT NEWS

**STARTING IN ARCHIE COMICS #6, THE ARTIST WILL DRAW PAGE-SIZED FULL-COLORED AUTOGRAPHED PORTRAITS OF ARCHIE AND HIS GANG. THESE PORTRAITS ARE SUITABLE FOR FRAMING! EVERY ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS WILL CONTAIN ONE OF THESE PORTRAITS!!**



**DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS ON YOUR RADIO! ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY, OVER W.J.Z, AND THE BLUE NETWORK! CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME! AND REMEMBER, ARCHIE WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER OR POSTCARD TO, ARCHIE ANDREWS, CARE OF, STATION W.J.Z, NEW YORK CITY! DO IT NOW! WE'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU!!!!**

# ROY and DUSTY

# The Boy Buddies

By Bill Vigoda

ELECTION TIME DRAWS CLOSE, BUT THIS YEAR, THE CITY GOES ABOUT IT'S BUSINESS CALMLY! THE VOTE IS MERE FORMALITY, FOR POPULAR MAYOR GILBERT HAS NO REAL RIVALS!!





WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS? AN UNKNOWN MAN ELECTED MAYOR OF A GREAT CITY?

CONGRATULATIONS, MAYOR BINGLE!

WHO IS IT?  
OH, IT'S YOU, SAM! WHAT DO YOU WANT??

KNOCK

KNOCK

Z-Z ZLOOP.  
EH? WHAT? OH,  
SOMEONE AT THE  
DOOR.. JUST A  
MOMENT!!

THE NEWS SINKS IN..

THAT'S RIGHT,  
YOU'VE BEEN  
ELECTED!

COME IN..  
DON'T GET  
EXCITED.. WHAT  
DID YOU SAY?  
MAYOR?  
W. WHO?  
M-ME?

BY A LANDSLIDE!  
THE BIGGEST UPSET  
IN HISTORY.. WHY,  
MR. MAYOR!

O-O-O  
O-O-O-O

NOR IS THE NEW MAYOR THE  
ONLY ONE SURPRISED AT THE  
OUTCOME OF THE ELECTION..

THE WHOLE CITY'S  
WORKED UP ABOUT  
THE ELECTION,  
DUSTY!

I STILL  
DON'T  
BELIEVE IT!

BOY! EVERYBODY'S  
ACTING AS THOUGH  
IT'S THE BIGGEST  
WONDER OF  
THE WORLD!

CAN'T  
SAY I  
BLAME  
'EM! LET'S  
LOOK IN ON  
OLD BINGLE,  
ROY!

IMAGINE, AN  
AMATEUR  
RUNNING THIS  
CITY!!

AT CITY HALL..

THINK,  
HE'LL  
REMEMBER  
US??

I DON'T  
KNOW! IT'S  
A LONG TIME  
SINCE WE  
DID HIM  
THAT  
FAVOR!

CITY STUNNED  
BY DARTING  
HORSEL  
MAYOR

IT'S NO  
WONDER  
ROY!

IMAGINE THAT!  
AFTER RUNNING  
FOR EVERY  
OFFICE IN THE  
CITY ON A  
**REFORM**  
PLATFORM,  
HE BECOMES  
**MAYOR!**

**YEAH!**  
MAYBE  
HE'LL TELL  
US HOW  
HE DID IT!

**MAYOR**  
**PRIVATE**

**KNOCK**  
**KNOCK**

**BOY! DUSTY!**  
AM I GLAD  
YOU CAME!

**HELLO, MR. BINGLE!**  
WE DIDN'T THINK  
YOU'D REMEMBER  
US!!

**HOW DID YOU  
SWING IT, BING...**  
**ER... MR. MAYOR!**

**THE ELECTION BOARD  
FORGOT TO TAKE MY  
NAME OFF THE BALLOT..**  
**IT'S ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE!**  
**I HAVEN'T ANY PROGRAM,**  
**AND NOW, THAT I'M MAYOR,**  
**I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
TO DO!**

**YOU MEAN, YOU  
DON'T WANT TO  
BE MAYOR?**

**WANT TO  
BE MAYOR?**  
**WHY I EVEN VOTED**

**AGAINST MYSELF!**  
**JUST TEN MINUTES AGO**  
**A MAN WAS MURDERED!**  
**THE WHOLE TOWN IS**  
**A HOT BED OF**  
**CRIME! HOW CAN I,**  
**AN UNKNOWN**  
**EXPECT TO COPE**  
**WITH THESE**  
**ORGANIZED**  
**POLITICIANS, AND**  
**GANGSTERS!**

**WELL, SO LONG, MR.**  
**MAYOR, WE'VE GOT**  
**A JOB TO DO!**

**MAYBE WE'LL  
BE ABLE TO  
HELP IN SOME  
WAY!**

**NO ONE  
CAN HELP  
ME, IT'S TOO  
FANTASTIC!!**

**OUTSIDE, DUSTY LEADS HIS PAL INTO A**  
**HALLWAY. THEY EMERGE AS THE**  
**BOY, DETECTIVE, AND SUPER-BOY..**

**YOU'D BETTER  
GET INTO  
UNIFORM.. I  
SEE WORK  
AHEAD!**

**I'M WITH YOU, ROY,**  
**BUT WHAT'S**  
**COOKIN'?**

**I SWIPED THIS NOTE  
FROM THE MAYOR'S  
DESK!!**

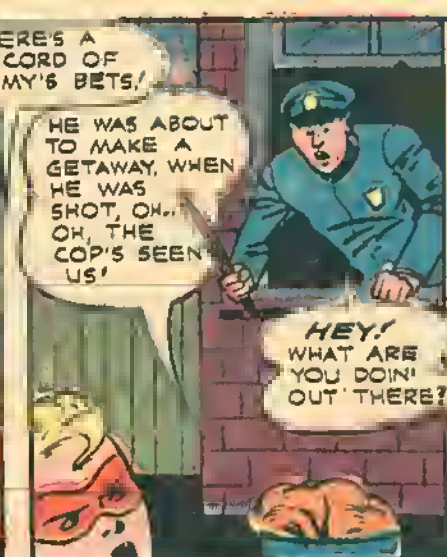
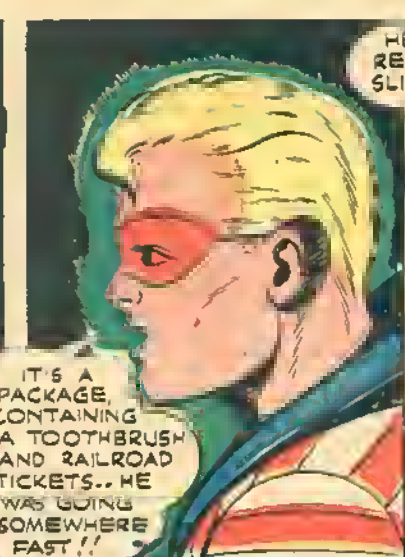
**SOUNDS  
INTERESTING!**  
**LET'S  
INVESTIGATE!**

**MEMORANDUM!**  
**TO MAYOR BINGLE!**  
**FROM POLICE DEP.**  
**SLIMY PAGANO.**  
**NOTORIOUS BOOKIE**  
**WAS FOUND DEAD**  
**AT 24 ELM ST.**  
**CLUES HAVE**  
**NOT BEEN**  
**DISCOVERED!**

**WELL, THIS IS  
THE HOUSE!**  
**BUT WE CAN'T**  
**GET IN THIS**  
**WAY! THE**  
**POLICE ARE**  
**HERE!!**

**LET'S TRY  
THE BACK!**







THERE'S  
THE  
BODY!



TWO BOOKIES  
KILLED, JUST AS  
THEY GET SET  
TO LEAVE TOWN!  
THIS THING'S  
CONNECTED  
SOMEHOW!

HE'S DEAD  
ENOUGH...  
SHOT THROUGH  
THE HEART!



HERE! HIS  
BOOK! MAYBE  
IT'LL TELL US  
SOMETHING!

IF THEY WERE  
WELCHING ON A  
GAMBLER'S DEBT,  
THE ANSWER'S  
PRETTY OBVIOUS!

YOU GUESSED  
IT, MY BOY!



WHO'S THAT?  
JEEPER... IT'S...

"FLOWERS"  
DIXON THE  
GAMBLER!

I SEE YOU  
RECOGNIZE  
ME! VERY  
FLATTER-  
ING!!

SHOULD WE  
LET 'EM  
HAVE IT,  
BOSS?



NO, HOLD YOUR  
LEAD! I WANT TO  
TALK TO THESE  
KIDS FIRST!!

RIGHT! O.K.  
SOLDIERS...  
MARCH!!

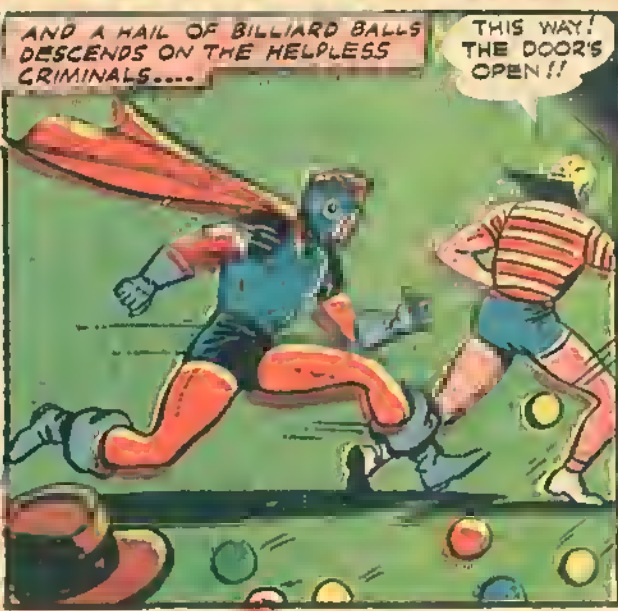
IT MIGHT  
WORK...



ON A DESPERATE CHANCE, DUSTY SWINGS A  
CUESTICK AT A BOX ON THE OVERHANGING SHELF.

HEY...  
STOP 'EM!

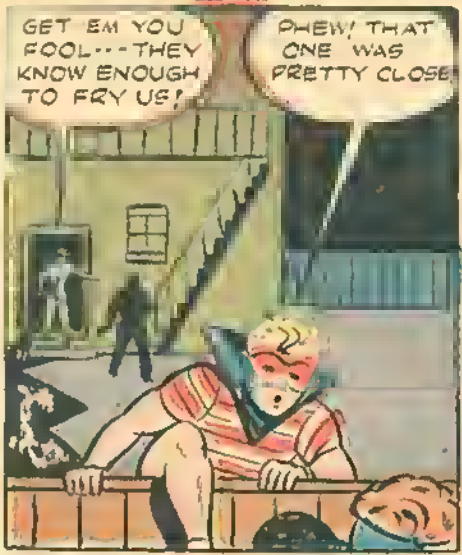
LOOK  
OUT!



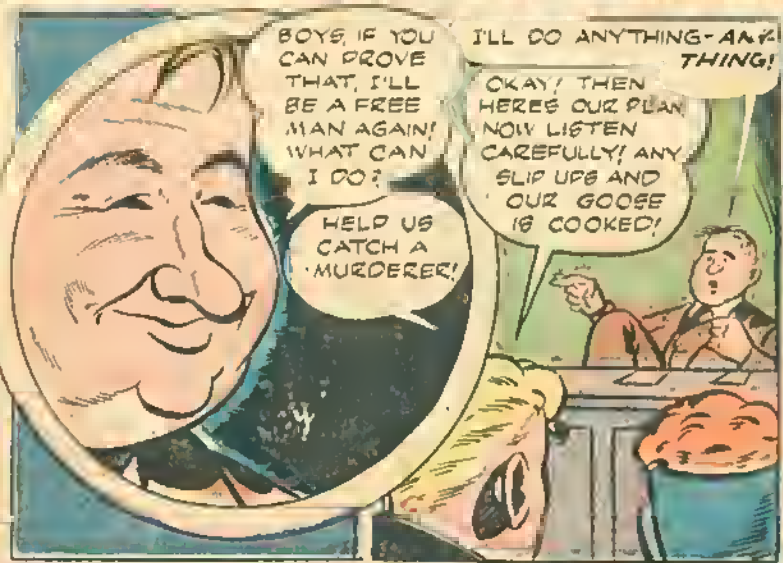
AND A HAIL OF BILLIARD BALLS  
DESCENDS ON THE HELPLESS  
CRIMINALS....

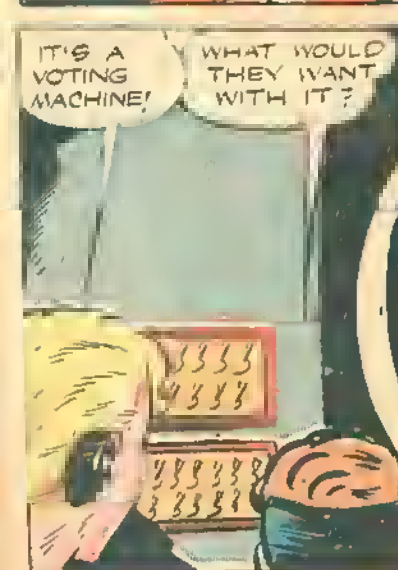
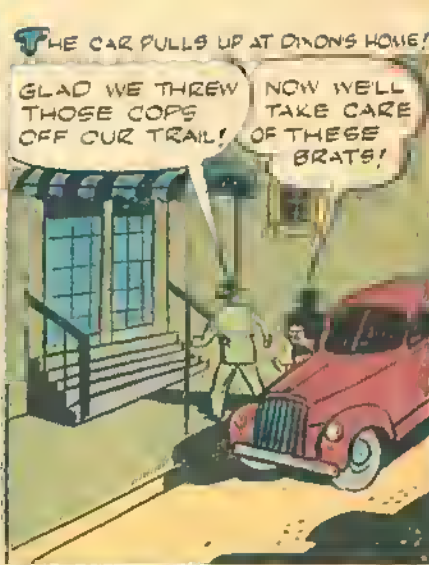
THIS WAY!  
THE DOOR'S  
OPEN!!





PHEW! THAT ONE WAS PRETTY CLOSE







DIXON'S GANG IS BIG ENOUGH TO WORK IT! ONE MAN BRINGS IN THE FALSE FRONT IN THE MORNING AND ANOTHER MAN TAKES IT OUT AT NIGHT!



WHAT A GET-UP! GHHH--I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



THE DOOR OPENS---

HEY, YOUSE-- DE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!

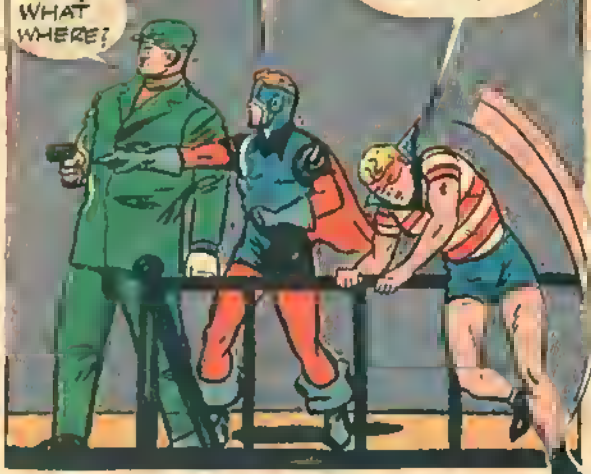


ONCE MORE THE BOY BUDDIES GO INTO ACTION!

HEY! LOOK THERE!

HUH? WHAT WHERE?

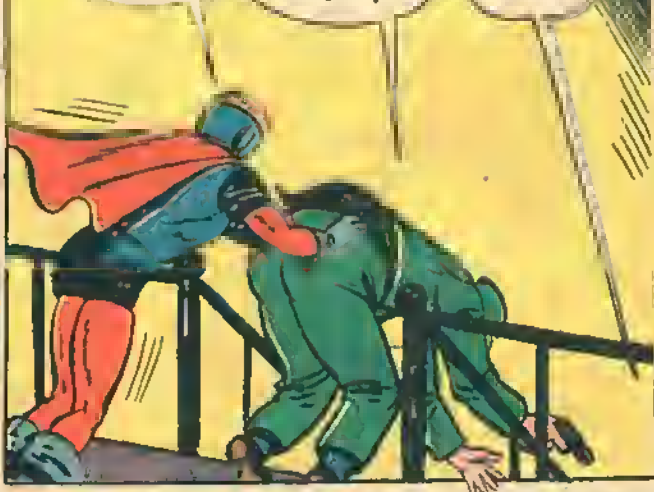
GOOD WORK-- SEE YOU BELOW!



YOU HEARD HIM-- DOWN YOU GO!

COME BACK OR I'LL PLUG YA-- OOOOPS!

NO, YOU COME DOWN HERE!



OUCH!

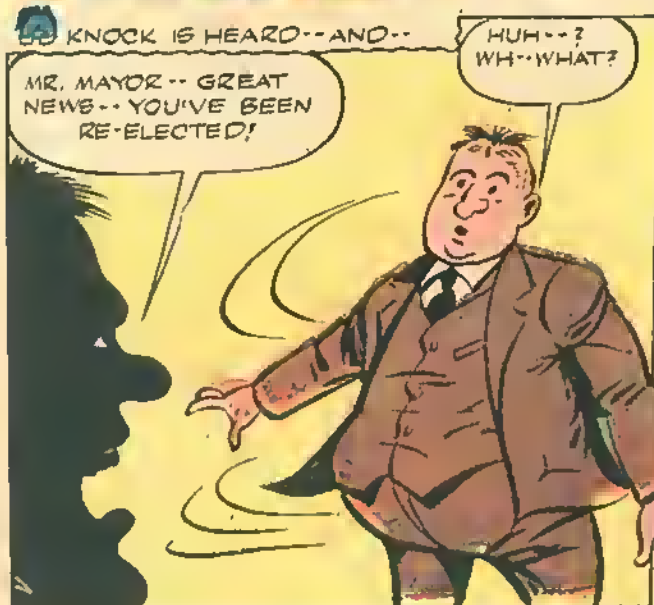
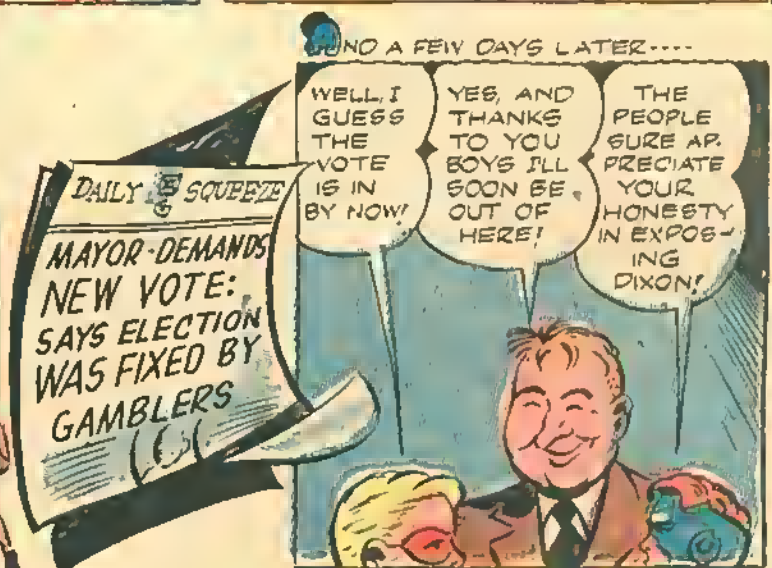
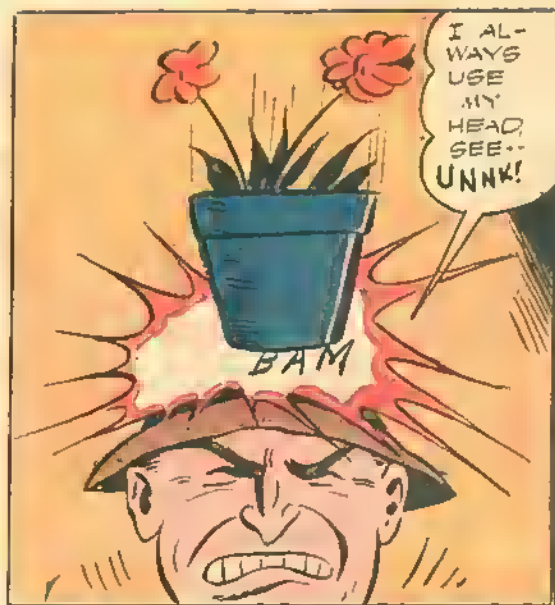
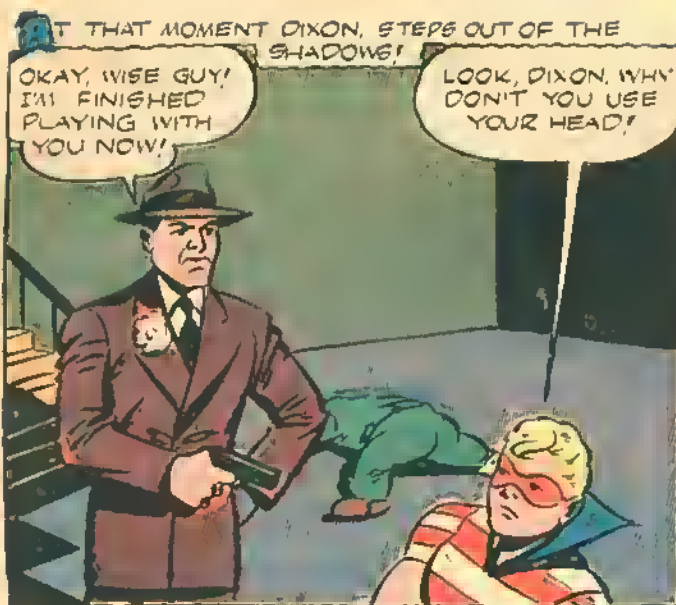
TSK--TSK-- YOU MUST BE IN A HURRY TO GET ME!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

NEVER MIND WHAT'S GOING ON-- YOU'RE GOING OUT!

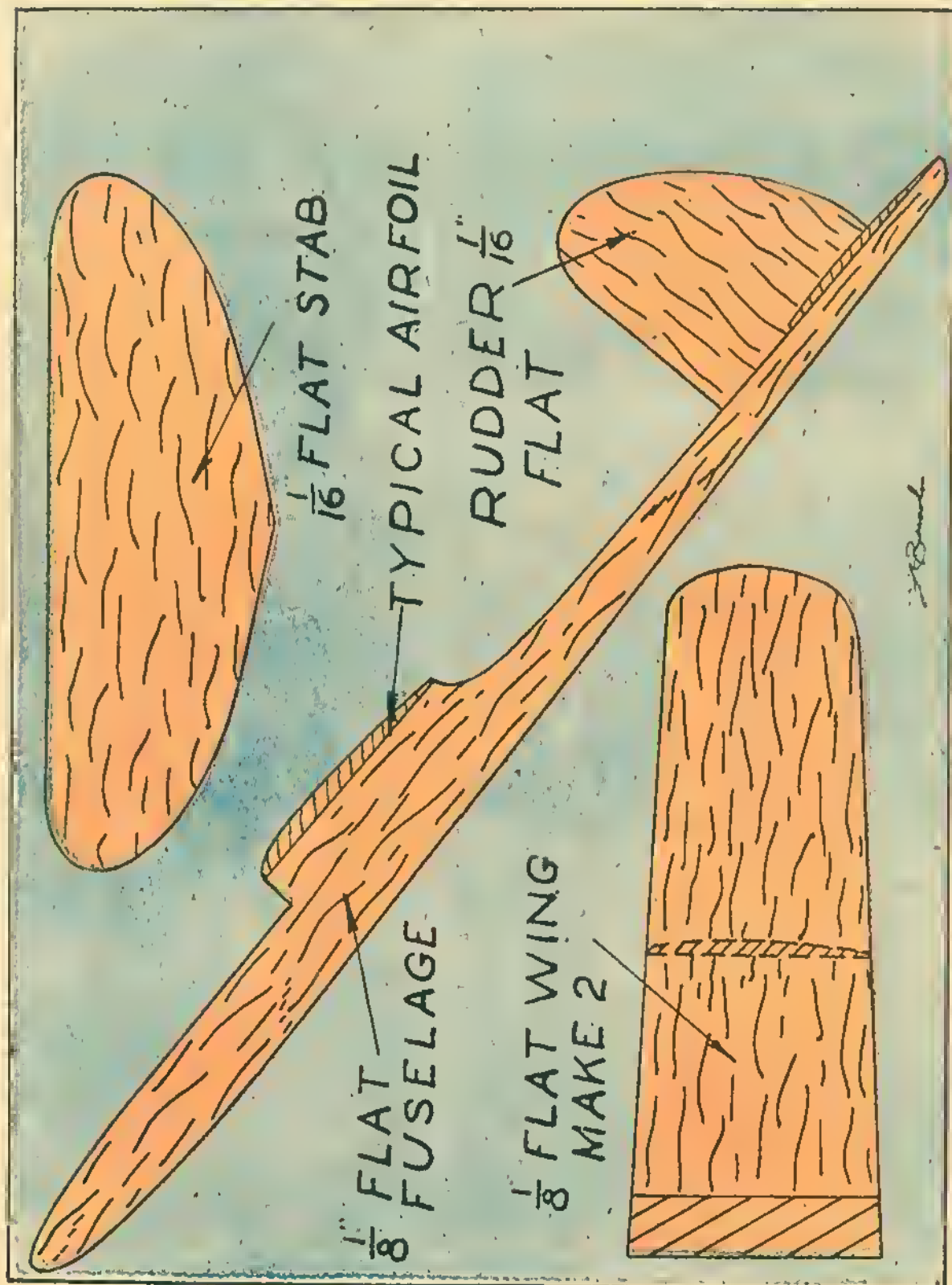
OOOK!







# JUNIOR FLYING CORPS PAGE



**FLEETWING**

## FLEETWING

THIS MONTH THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS IS OFFERED A CONTEST TYPE GLIDER. HOWEVER, IN ORDER TO SAVE VITAL BALSA WE HAVE LIMITED THE SIZE OF THIS GLIDER TO CLASS "A". IN SPITE OF THIS LIMITED AREA, THIS GLIDER TURNS OUT BEAUTIFUL FLIGHTS WHEN PROPERLY ADJUSTED.

SOFT  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA CUT TO THE SHAPE SHOWN ON THE PLANS RENDERS US A WING PANEL. SAND THIS PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION (SHOWN ON THE PLANS). THE ADJACENT WING PANEL IS NOT SHOWN, BUT IT CAN BE MADE BY TRACING AROUND THE FIRST PANEL. BE SURE TO SAND THE AIRFOIL ON THE "TOP" SO THAT IT COINCIDES WITH THE FIRST PANEL. COAT THE BOTH ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH A BRUSH. SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER THE JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON, FORMS A NEAT, SMOOTH SKIN. EACH COAT SHOULD EXTEND  $\frac{1}{8}$ " OVER EACH PANEL AND SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO DRY BEFORE THE NEXT IS APPLIED. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY WITH WET OR DRY SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH. IN ON THE RIGHT WING INCREASE THE ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR THE TIP AND SLIGHT WASH OUT ON THE LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

CUT THE FUSELAGE FROM  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA (VERY HARD). THE SHAPE OF THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS SHOULD BE DUPLICATED ON THE BALSA. A "V" CUT IS PUT INTO THE TOP OF THE BODY TO HOLD THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE USED ON THE WING.

THE STABILIZER AND THE RUDDER ARE CUT FROM  $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA AND FINISHED IN THE USUAL MANNER.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE. CEMENT ON RUDDER. CHECK ALIGNMENT. WARP RIGHT TURN IN THE RUDDER. APPLY SEVERAL COATS OF GLUE OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND ALMOST STRAIGHT UP. THE GLIDE IS ALSO TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC. IN TESTING THE GLIDE, START SLOWLY, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED OF THE THROW.

GET TOGETHER WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS AND ARRANGE CONTESTS. THE GREATEST TIME ALOFT WINS THE CONTEST. FLY YOUR GLIDER AND WIN.

DROP US A LINE AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU'RE MAKING OUT. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTEST OF ITS KIND AND YOU'RE IN FOR LOADS OF FUN!

**GOOD LUCK!**

## JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

### HERE'S HOW TO JOIN:

WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO JUNIOR FLYING CORPS, 60 HUDSON ST. ROOM 315, NEW YORK CITY---THEN WATCH HANGMAN COMICS, FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST...

CHARLES ALLEN BAITY-707 S. 23 ST. FORT SMITH, ARK.  
JACQUELINE BRADY-BOX 576, HUDSON, N.Y.  
PEGGY LDE BOENKE-SUNSET, S.C.  
ORVILLE CADWELL-CANISTOTA, S.D.  
HAROLD CLARDY-BOX 191, 10 ANDERSON ST. PEIDMONT, S.C.  
JACKIE CLINTON-642 ADELINE ST. TRENTON, N.J.  
FRIEDA CORBETT-BOX 47, STAUNTON, VA.  
EDWARD CORNELL-POHCA, NEBRASKA  
RICHARD CURRAN-214 31<sup>st</sup> ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.  
BOBBY DALTON-NO. MAPLE ST. MARION, KENTUCKY  
ANETTE OENHOF-10723-23<sup>rd</sup> ST. NE  
GORDON DICKSON JR.-940 NO SECOND ST. CAMDEN, NJ  
NORMAN EWELL-2411 HUNT AVE. NEWPORT NEWS, VA.  
SHIRLEY HEADLY-412 GUTNAM AVE. BKLYN, N.Y.  
VIVIAN LUCILLE HICKSON-ROUTE 1, FORNEY, TEXAS  
MELBOURNE HOGG-SEAFORD, VA.  
MONROE HORTON-1848 CONEY IS. AVE. BKLYN, N.Y.  
JOHNNY JACKSON-35 SO. MAIN ST. PORT DEPOSIT, MD.  
PATRICIA JOHNSON-RT 1, BOX 772, BEAVERTON, ORE.  
WALTER LA JOIE JR.-341 GOUNDRY ST. NOTONA, N.Y.  
RALPH JONES-1217 CONRAD ST. WILMINGTON, DEL.  
RUTH M. KIRKPATRICK-1542 ST. CLAIR E. ST. LOUIS, ILL.  
PEGGY LDU KLACKNER-RR-1 CENTERVILLE PIKE Q.  
EDWARD A. LEBIT-5513 CONGRESS ST. BKLYN, N.Y.  
I. LESHKOWITZ-704 E. 5<sup>th</sup> ST. N.Y. N.Y.  
MASON LEVY JR.-218 E. 102<sup>nd</sup> ST. N.Y. N.Y.  
HAROLD B. LIND JR.-5126 N. OCONTO AVE. CHICAGO  
JUNE ELAINE MANDIGO-DE PEYSTER N.Y.  
CATHERINE McCAULEY-1 SHELDON ST.  
RICHARD J. McGEE-163 MITCHELL ST. RANTOUL, ILL.  
DOROTHY ANN MILLER-8412-86 RD. WOODHAVEN  
IRVING MONES-115 TAYLOR AVE. SO. NORWALK, CONN.  
CURTIS MULLINS-200 AVE. D S E. CHILDRESS, TEXAS  
WALTER NATRIN-4<sup>th</sup> AVE. LESTER, PA.  
JAMES NEUFELL-33 GUINAN ST.  
PAUL O'CONNOR-92 HIGH ST. GREENFIELD, MASS.  
DANVILL LEE PERKINS-REEDSPORT, ORE.  
JULIO PERONI-517 OLD ELM ST. CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.  
RICHARD PERZD NOSKI-8616 LEANDER, DETROIT, MICH.  
BOBBY PIKE-14519 NOVARA, DETROIT, MICH.  
BRUCE RAINBOTH-SILVER LAKE, WASHINGTON  
WILLIAM R. RAWSTRON-243 WARREN ST. NEEDHAM, MASS.  
JAMES D. ROHLF-1XONIA, WISCONSIN  
GEORGE SACHE-4553 BLEIGH AVE. MAYFAIR, PA.  
PHYLLIS SCHMIDT-151 CACHE ROAD, LAWTON, OKLA.  
BILLY SPRAY-ALLERTON, ILL.  
BERNARD SZEMERETO-667 CHARLES ST. P.A. N.J.  
JOHN TODORA-2680 CONGRESS RD. CAMDEN, N.J.  
MARIE L.J. VEVON-26 SO. HILLSIDE AVE. ELMSFORD, NY  
EDWARD WAIMIELOWICZ-1611 OVERING ST. BRONX.  
JOSEPH WASHINGTON-88 SUN RISE HWAY, FREEPORT, NY  
VIOLET WESCOTT-GREAT BEND, PENN.  
THOMAS R. ZIEMEK-5112 NO. OCONTO AVE. CHI. ILL.



# ROY and DUSTY in

# BOY BUDDIES

DUSTY'S LATE..  
HE SHOULD HAVE  
BEEN HERE FIVE  
MINUTES AGO!

THE STREET  
CORNER  
RENDEZVOUS IS A  
GREAT AMERICAN  
HABIT,  
AND AN OPEN  
SESAME TO TROUBLE!  
BUT THE KIND OF  
TROUBLE THAT  
BEFALLS ROY, AS  
HE AWAITS A  
MEETING WITH  
DUSTY,  
SPELLS MORE  
TROUBLE FOR THE  
TROUBLEMAKERS  
WHO LEARN THAT  
PUSHING THE  
BOY BUDDIES  
AROUND IS A  
GILT-EDGED  
INVITATION  
TO DISASTER!

HARRISON

THEN...

HEY, YOU  
C'MERE!

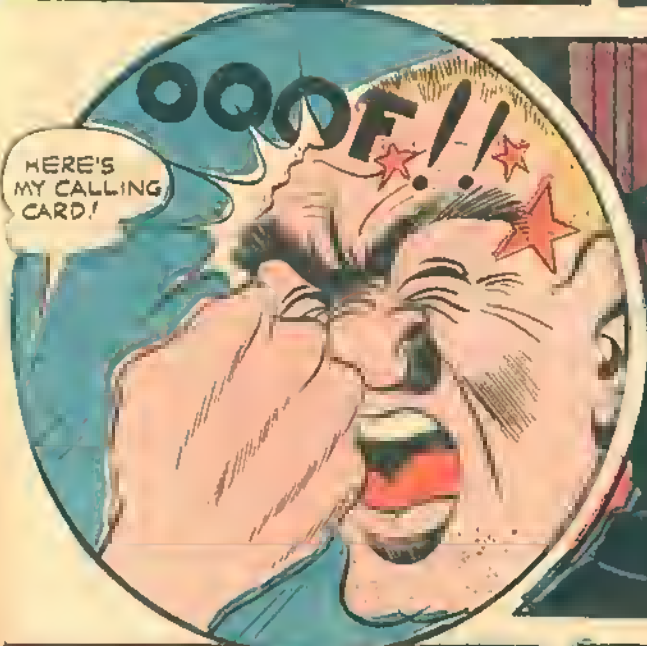
WHO?  
ME?

YEAH, YOU!  
LOOKIN' FOR  
TROUBLE, EH?

YOU'RE MAKING  
A MISTAKE,  
MISTER.. I DON'T  
EVEN KNOW  
YOU!

WISE GUY, HUH?  
THIS'LL LEARN  
YA!

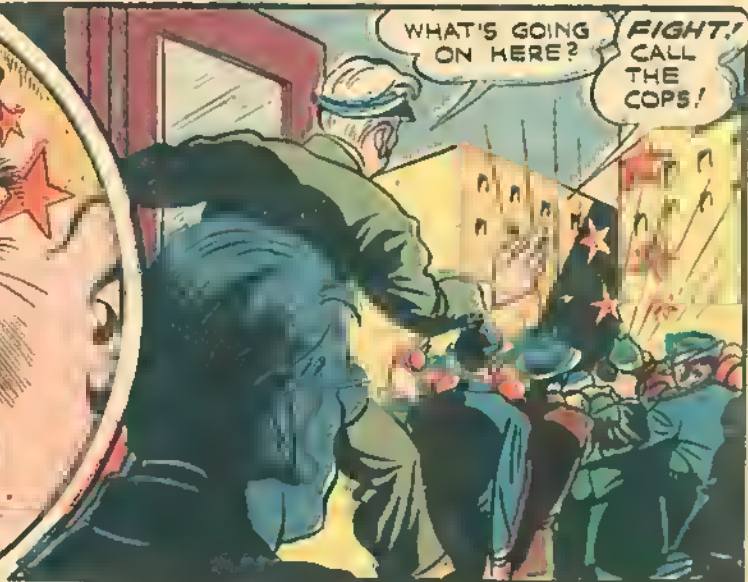
IF YOU INSIST ON  
AN INTRODUCTION..



HERE'S  
MY CALLING  
CARD!

WHAT'S GOING  
ON HERE?

FIGHT!  
CALL  
THE COPS!



MEANWHILE, DUSTY HASTENS  
TO THE MEETING PLACE...

I HOPE ROY ISN'T  
MAD AT BEING KEPT  
WAITING.. SAY WHAT'S  
THAT CROWD DOING  
ON THE CORNER?

NOW HOLD YER  
GAB YOU TWO,  
AND TELL ME  
WHAT HAPPENED!

DAT BRAT STARTS  
TO CALL ME  
NAMES!!





STARTIN' A FIGHT, EH?  
SEEMS TO ME I SEEN  
YER BEFORE !!

WHY, THE  
DIRTY LIAR..  
I NEVER.....

HEY!  
LOOK!

YOU DUMB  
LUG, YOU  
LET HIM  
GET  
AWAY!

WHO YA  
CALLIN'  
A DUMB  
LUG?

I'LL HAVE  
YER KNOW YER  
INSULTIN' AN  
OFFICER IN THE  
PERFORMANCE  
OF HIS DUTY!

PERFORMANCE  
IS RIGHT.. YOU  
OUGHTA BE IN  
A CIRCUS!

HELP!  
HELP!

HELP! POLICE!  
THE STORE HAS  
BEEN **ROBBED!**  
SOMEONE GOT  
OUT THE BACK  
WAY, WHILE WE  
WERE IN FRONT!

JEWELRY  
STORE

THEY CLEANED  
OUT A SHOWCASE..  
WORTH THOUSANDS!  
I'LL BE FIRED!

THEY DID, HUM?  
I BET THIS BRAT  
STARTED THE  
RUMPUS TO  
DISTRACT YOU!

DID I CALL  
YOU A  
DUMB LUG?

FOR YOU  
THAT'S A  
COMPLIMENT!  
THANKS,  
DUSTY!

I SAW THE CROOKS  
LEAVING THE BACK  
WAY, BUT I DIDN'T  
THINK ANYTHING  
OF IT!

WE GOTTA  
GET THEM, DUSTY!  
IMAGINE THEM,  
USING ME FOR  
A GOAT!

WE NEED A  
CLUE, BUT WE  
CAN'T GO BACK  
THIS WAY!

FOR A CHANGE WE'LL  
WEAR OUR COSTUMES  
SO WE WON'T BE  
NOTICED! I'VE GOT  
AN IDEA!!

AND SO, A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE  
PAIR RETURN AS SUPERBOY AND  
THE BOY DETECTIVE!

JUST WAIT  
TILL I GET  
MY HANDS  
ON THAT  
KID!!

O.K. DUSTY..  
I'LL WAIT  
FOR YOU  
AROUND  
THE  
CORNER!

YOU WERE ROBBED  
THIS MORNING, WERENT  
YOU? WELL, I  
FOLLOWED THE  
GETAWAY CAR!

HUH? WHAT?  
WELL, WHERE  
DID THEY  
GO?

NEVER MIND THAT...  
THEY THINK THEY'RE  
SAFE SO THEY WON'T  
RUN AWAY! I'M GOING  
AFTER THEM, WHEN  
I GET A LIST OF THE  
STOLEN GOODS!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT WORKED..  
THERE HE  
GOES NOW!

SWELL...  
LET'S FOLLOW  
HIM!

I CHECKED  
THE SIDE  
DOOR... IT'S  
GOT A  
SAFETY  
LOCK,  
ALLRIGHT!

JUST AS WE  
THOUGHT, WE'LL  
GIVE HIM TIME TO  
TIP 'EM OFF!









# FREE

with your  
order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

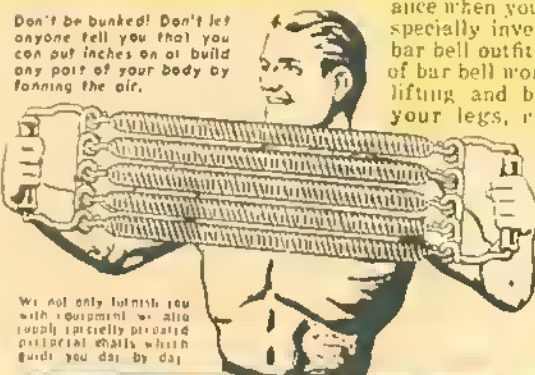
# NOW GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of inner strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead — get Herculean strength ready at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

## Get Bursting Strength Quickly

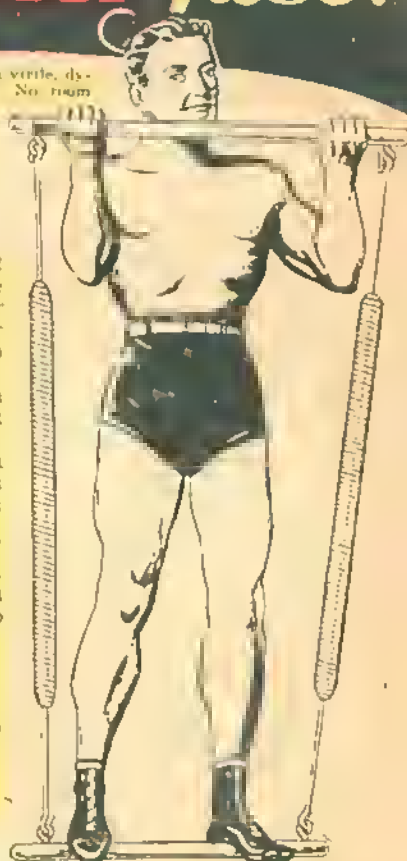
If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

as you train. There is a nail exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.



### GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days return for full refund of purchase price.

### Send No Money

Sign your name in coupon checking outfit wanted purchase on arrival. If you want a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

You get many specially posed pictorial instructions, a picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

## New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept 6710  
P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

- ☐ Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination Set \$5.95
  - ☐ Send Super strength set at \$6.95
- I send cash with order and we pay postage. Some guarantee.

Name

Address

SPECIAL! If you are abroad ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 60c.

Station X, New York 54, N. Y.

# REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF  
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE  
FILTHY BLACKHEADS  
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB  
TO TALK TO  
HIM RIGHT  
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY  
VACUTEX FOR THOSE  
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT  
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.  
IT SOUNDS  
WORTH  
TRYING

JIM DARLING,  
HOW NICE AND  
CLEAN YOU  
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK  
VACUTEX  
FOR THAT,  
HONEY!



## AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

## 10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.



**ONLY  
THREE  
EASY  
STEPS**

**UGLY  
BLACKHEADS**

**USE  
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE  
OUT!**



**RUSH  
COUPON  
Send No  
MONEY**

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8509  
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.  
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME. ....

ADDRESS. ....

CITY. .... STATE. ....



# How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of **SHAME!**

ARE YOU  
Skinny?  
Weak?  
Flabby?

Will You Let Me  
Prove I Can Make You  
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

## What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add **SOLID MUSCLE** to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system **INSIDE** and **OUTSIDE**! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

## Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peepish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful **100-MAN**.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely **NATURAL** method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at official muscle-makers. You simply utilize the **DORMANT** muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid **LIVE MUSCLE**.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension" almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to **BUILD MUSCLE** and **VITALITY**.

## FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became **NEW MEN** in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped **THEM** do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 3029 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



*Charles Atlas*

Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." As he looks today, from actual untouched snapshot.

Mail Coupon  
For My  
**FREE Book**

**CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 3029  
115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name .....  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

